

Children's Newspaper

A Hundred Things for Twopence
See this Week's Children's Pictorial

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

The Only Newspaper in the World for Boys and Girls

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THRILLING RIDE ON AN ICE FLOE

CARRIED AWAY ON AN ICE FLOE

A TRAPPER TRAPPED

Some Astonishing Things That Have Happened at Sea

A BABY'S SIX MONTHS ADVENTURE

Somewhere in the great Arctic bay named after him lie the bones of Henry Hudson and the little son whom his mutinous seamen sent adrift to die 314 years ago. A trapper has just been cruising, perhaps over Hudson's very bones, on a craft of death, yet has returned alive.

He is a fur trapper of the Hudson's Bay Company, working from the Fort Nelson depot, and while visiting his traps he was made prisoner by the ice. A tract of ice, three-quarters of a mile long, and half a mile wide, became detached from the shore and went afloat with him on it.

Borne Back to Safety

All that day and all the night he was borne steadily out to sea, foodless, with 64 degrees of frost converting his feet to ice, and with his blood almost congealed; yet such is the marvel of the human constitution that the man lived to see his prison turn about and make for home. Wind and tide bore him back to the place from which he had started, and he was rescued, in a terrible plight but alive; and was doing well when the cable telling us of his misadventure was sent off.

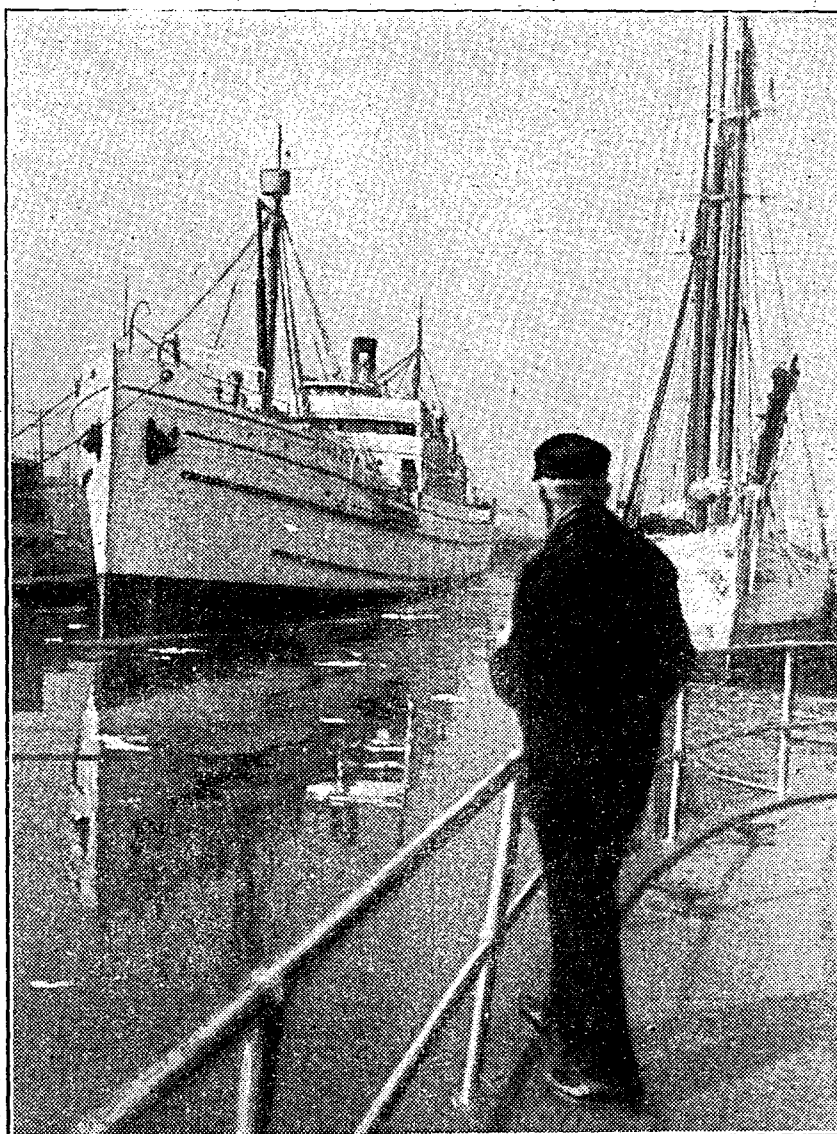
Truly the sea is a capricious element. It carried this man nearly to death and then brought him back to life, and it once played such a trick on Shackleton. After his thrilling voyage from Elephant Island to South Georgia, Shackleton saw the rudder of his boat-carried away just as land was being made. That seemed to doom him and his party, for they must sail again for safety. The rudder went out to sea, and then the bay in which Shackleton had landed filled with ice, so that the very cave in which the party crouched was blocked up with it.

On the Ice 193 Days

Three days passed, and a sudden swelling tide swept the bay clear of ice. Then, says Shackleton, a strange thing happened. "The rudder, with all the broad Atlantic to sail in and the coasts of two continents to search for a resting place, came bobbing back into our cove." They got it again and could steer their boat afresh to safer anchorage. But what a miraculous chance restored it to them!

Experience teaches us that happy things of this sort do happen, though faint hearts would never count on them. At Bjorko, in Finland, a few years ago, 300 fishermen, with 80 horses to carry their nets and tackle, were fishing through ice holes on the coast. The

Ship to Explore the Sea of Mystery



This fine steamer, the Areturus, is to explore the mysterious Sargasso Sea, in mid-Atlantic, and to study its animal and vegetable life. The expedition will be in charge of Dr. William Beebe. The Sargasso Sea is a vast mass of floating seaweed, and until a few years ago was supposed to be almost impassable and to have imprisoned large numbers of ships which had drifted into it during the centuries.

ice broke and bore them all, men and horses, away. For six hours they sailed out to sea, but in another six hours they sailed back, none of them the worse save for frost and terror.

Perhaps the greatest wonder of the kind, however, dates back to 1872, to the Arctic expedition of the Polaris, under the command of an extraordinary man, an American blacksmith named Charles Francis Hall, who had never seen the sea till he set forth upon it as an explorer. He did wonders, but died during the Polaris trip, and left his task to incompetent hands.

One afternoon in 1872 the ship was nipped in the ice in North Greenland waters. The new captain cried in his panic, "Throw everything on to the ice," and out went food and gear and bundles, men and women following.

Then the ice parted; the ship was driven in one direction by the wind, the ice floe went another way, carried by the current. On the ice there were 19 adults, including two Eskimo women; and in one of the bundles was found a

baby, Charlie Polaris, born on the ship during the trip. He had been slung overboard in the panic with the goods!

There they all were on a floe a mile wide, which might be crushed at any moment; yet they all lived on it for 193 days. The current bore them away and away, from the Old World to the New, and finally the floating home was reduced to a patch 100 yards long by 70 yards in breadth.

Yet they survived. They had at the start 11 bags of bread, 14 small hams, some cans of meat and soup, a little chocolate, a few dogs, and 630 pounds of pemmican. On that they lived, while the sea carried them on and on to they knew not what destination.

They were found by a whaler off Newfoundland, 1600 miles from the scene of their disaster, at the end of April, 1873, alive and unharmed, after one of the most appalling voyages ever recorded in human history. Little Charlie came through it like the rest. Will some American reader tell us if he still survives?

THE WAY TO PEACE

IS IT OPENING UP AT LAST?

Germany's Proposals for a Treaty of Security

A VERY GREAT HOPE

It seems, at last, as if a hopeful path towards peace and rest was opening out before the fretful nations of Europe.

Quite unexpectedly, it is Germany that has the honour of pointing to the way. The real difficulty which prevents a settling down to sensible cooperation between war-worn lands has been the fear felt by France that she has been still left insecure after her heroic sacrifices. Till she feels secure she has been unwilling to relinquish her victor's grip of Germany; and Germany until now had taken no steps that were likely to reassure her. Now it seems that Germany has taken such steps.

Germany and the League

Through conversations between the ambassadors of the various countries Germany has expressed her readiness to enter into a friendly agreement with France, Great Britain, and Belgium to leave the frontier between the three continental Powers as it has been settled by the Peace Treaty.

But, in order to protect herself, France has entered into an understanding with the countries lying between Germany and Russia—that is Poland and Czechoslovakia, and possibly other countries—that they, with France, will jointly resist German ambition on her Eastern frontier. Having made this agreement France cannot withdraw from it unless she can be assured of the security of her Eastern friends.

The reply of Germany is that she will give to Poland and Czechoslovakia a similarly ample assurance that she will not use warlike means to secure the Eastern frontier she thinks is justly hers; but will meet them first in a friendly way to settle all differences, and, if they cannot agree, will submit their disagreements to the League of Nations.

The World's Security

These proposals, if made in good faith, have all the appearance of a hopeful approach to a genuine state of peace. They ring fair. And they would have the effect of possibly giving the League of Nations such a substantial task of wise pacification as would establish it finally as the world's security against war. Of course as part of these far-reaching arrangements Germany would join the League of Nations.

The ways of diplomacy are slippery, and nations are liable to shy at all kinds of fancied difficulties, but it does seem that at last Germany has indicated conditions which will allow of a settlement of the difficulties that have kept Europe in a state of thinly-veiled hostility. A chance is being given to honest and sensible good feeling.

THE OLD GENTLEMEN ON THE WHEELBARROW PRIME MINISTER'S LOOK BACK

A Memory of Days that Have
Passed Away

THE FAMILY BUSINESS

In the House of Commons the other day the Prime Minister spoke a few hundred words which will find their way into papers for years to come.

Those who remember the conditions he described, and those who have been born since these conditions passed away, will both be interested in this little memory with which Mr. Baldwin greatly impressed the House.

I often wonder if all the people in this country realise the inevitable changes that are coming over the industrial system in England.

People are apt either to get their knowledge of the industrial system from text-books which must inevitably be half a generation behind, or from some circumstances familiar to them at a fixed point in their own lives, whereas ever since the industrial system began in this country it has been in a state of evolution which I think historians will acknowledge to have developed at a far more rapid rate than was visible to the people who lived in those times.

The Great Changes

It happens that I have seen, owing to the peculiar circumstances of my own life, a great deal of this evolution taking place before my own eyes. I worked for many years in an industrial business and had under me what was then considered a large number of men. It happened, owing to the circumstance of this being an old family business, with an old and, I venture to say, a very good tradition, that when I was first in business I was probably working under a system that was already passing, and I doubt if its like could have been found in any of the big modern industrial towns in this country even at that time.

It was a place where I had known from childhood every man on the ground, where I was able to talk to men, not only about troubles in the works, but troubles at home, where strikes and lock-outs were unknown, and where the fathers and grandfathers of the men had worked and their sons went automatically into the business. It was also a place where nobody ever got the sack, and where we had a natural sympathy for those who were less concerned in efficiency than this generation is. There were a large number of old gentlemen who used to spend the day sitting on the handle of a wheelbarrow and smoking their pipes.

Oddly enough, it was not an inefficient community. It was the last survivor of that type of works and ultimately was swallowed up in one of those great combinations to which the industries of the country are tending.

RUNABOUT MELTING POTS

New Machine for Clearing Snow

Vast sums are spent every winter in America and elsewhere in clearing the snow from the streets of the big cities; but Vienna seems to have hit upon a plan that will save both time and money.

Snow fell for 48 hours the other day in Vienna, and the authorities were puzzled how to get rid of it from the busy streets. Finally they decided to melt it, using a new wheeled machine which had been designed for the purpose.

By means of motor-ploughs the snow was piled into heaps, and then men shovelled it into huge metal basins, against the sides of which jets of steam played. The snow was melted at the rate of 1350 cubic feet an hour, and the Viennese authorities are now congratulating themselves on the success of their enterprise.

THOSE TEST MATCHES

"Down Under" on the Top

By Our Cricket Correspondent

After all, Australia remained well on the top in those cricket Test Matches that so excited us; and she deserved it.

We have yet to look forward to the time when we can say and feel that we ought to have won. It would be mean to blame in any way our team. They were a sound team. They could not well have been chosen much better, if at all. They had bad luck in losing the toss four times out of five. They played their best, and a good proportion of them, at one time or another, played up to their reputation. Yet they were so much beaten, on the whole, that no one can say Australia won by any favour of fortune. England has to pocket her pride and wait. Cricket "down under" is still unmistakably on the top.

Some reputations were more than sustained. It was so with Hobbs, Sutcliffe, Tate, and Kilner. The first three were

The Geneva Atmosphere

THE thing that has struck me most, perhaps, among all the achievements of the League of Nations at Geneva, has been the creation of what has been well called the Geneva Atmosphere.

There has been no greater achievement than the creation of this atmosphere. What is the Geneva Atmosphere?

If I understand it it is this, that all who take part in gatherings which are ruled by that Atmosphere take part in them with one desire and one desire only, to reach a fair, honest, and straightforward agreement for the cause they have in hand. I have seen the most thorny and difficult questions solved, with no trace of bitterness left by the discussion.

Lord Cecil

brilliant, and Kilner put in a fine amount of all-round steady and effective play. Woolley and Hearne did reasonably well with the bat. The fielding seems to have been well above first-class average, and Strudwick was a wonder. What more can be said but that we must congratulate the victors, give our own men a hearty welcome home, and again prepare to face a fine rivalry that is all for the good of cricket?

1,000,000 HORSE-POWER FROM ONE OUNCE

Colossal Power of the Atom

Lecturing the other day, Professor Andrade, of Woolwich Artillery College, said there would be an enormous quantity of energy left over if we could only make hydrogen gas atoms unite to form helium. The making of even a single ounce of helium from hydrogen would supply a million horse-power for seven hours.

Nobody, Professor Andrade added, had so far succeeded in making the hydrogen nuclei hold together in the right way, and it was unlikely that the secret would be found out for a long time yet. Managing these inconceivably small bodies was harder than building the Forth Bridge, but their importance was incalculable.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Aconcagua . . .	Ah-kon-kah-gwah
Archimedes . . .	Ar-ke-me-deez
Cerberus . . .	Ser-be-rus
Chameleon . . .	Kah-me-le-un
Diomedes . . .	Di-o-me-deez
Hippolyte . . .	Hi-pol-e-te

GIVE PEACE IN OUR TIME, O LORD

Prime Minister's Prayer
TRYING TO STOP THE POISON

All parties in the House of Commons warmly cheered the Prime Minister when he announced the withdrawal of an important Bill which would have produced great agitation in the country, interfering with the political funds of the Labour Party.

Rarely has a Prime Minister spoken as Mr. Baldwin did then, and we give this passage from his speech:

We have our majority. We believe in the justice of this Bill which has been brought in today, but we are going to withdraw our hand, and are not going to push our political advantage home at a moment like this.

Suspicion is preventing stability in Europe, and is the one poison that is preventing stability at home, and we offer the country this: *We, at any rate, are not going to fire the first shot.*

We stand for peace. We stand for the removal of suspicion. We want to create a new atmosphere in a new Parliament for a new age in which the people can come together. We abandon what we have laid our hands to.

We know we may be called cowards for doing it. We know we may be told that we have gone back on our principles, but at this moment we believe we know what the country wants, and we believe it is for us in our strength to do what no other party can do at this moment.

I believe that there are many in all ranks and in all parties who will echo my prayer, *Give peace in our time, O Lord.*

THE CHAMELEON AND ITS SECRET

How Does it Change Colour?

The chameleon, according to Professor Joseph Barcroft, is not after all like those politicians who are always changing their coat to suit their circumstances. It cannot alter its colour at will, and does not regulate its colour by its background.

A green chameleon can turn from the colour of an apple to something that is nearly black, and a brown chameleon can turn so pale that it looks like cream; but neither does these things for profit or pleasure.

It is heat or light which usually changes the chameleon. If the creature is cold or too bright a light is turned on it, it will shrink into paleness. Put it in the dark and keep it warm and it will darken in its snug retreat.

But when the chameleon changes colour suddenly something else has happened; it is blushing! It may turn pale instead of red, as human beings do, but the same influence has caused it.

A trace of chemical secretion from a gland near the kidney known as the adrenal body passes into the blood of the chameleon at the bidding of its tiny brain, and the chameleon blushes white.

JACKY ON THE HILLS -Trapped for Eight Days

When Jacky, a fox terrier, was trapped in the Welsh mountains, it took his master and his helpers eight days to get him out. He was almost dead when they got to him, but careful nursing has made him all right again.

Jacky is a terror to foxes, and his work for five years has been to protect the lambs on the mountain side from foxy marauders. He was sent into a fox's "earth" he had discovered in the rocks and drove it out after a fierce battle, but instead of coming out after it he fell into a crevasse 19 feet deep.

After days had been spent in vain attempts to get at him miners were sent for and the rock was blasted away.

All through the eight days Jacky's whines could be heard getting weaker and weaker. Food was lowered into the crevasse, but it was found that he had been unable to reach it. Nine people worked at his rescue, and he was well worth it!

FOR EVER BELGIUM NEW ZEALAND'S PRETTY IDEA

A Little Earth to Go Across
the World

THE KING WHO DIED IN "JERUSALEM"

Many pathetic old customs survive in an age which many of us think rather practical and unromantic.

Australia has set aside a strip of land which is for ever France; France has set aside many corners of her land which are for ever England; and now New Zealand is to have a consecrated area which is to be for ever Belgium.

To attain this end she has craved a gift of the earth of Messines, where men of New Zealand fought in a great and memorable battle, eight years ago. That battle is to have its memorial at Wanganui, near which is the college for Maori youths, some of the bravest of whose men fell in that and other European engagements.

Messines has its memorial to the men of New Zealand, and the soil which is to cross the world is to come from the foot of that Belgian tribute. Such a gift will reach New Zealand sanctified by the blood of men who laid down their lives for the Empire.

It was only the other day that the Editor of the C.N. was asked to send a handful of earth from his Kent hilltop to a garden in New Zealand; now New Zealand is to have a little of Belgium, too.

Storied Earth

The idea is old, but it is beautiful enough to endure throughout the ages. Many a cathedral has its handful of storied earth from Palestine.

Pisa has had a graveyard from Jerusalem for the last seven hundred years. When the lovely Campo Santo was being built in 1203 to form the exquisite little cemetery close by the cathedral the men of Pisa loaded 53 ships with soil gathered at Jerusalem, and there it is today, rich with the ashes of many a pious Italian.

The water of Jordan has been used age after age for the christening of children in various parts of the world; and was it not only the other day that an English clergyman climbed his steeple to bedew a new weather-vane with water from the sacred river?

In Jerusalem

In former days, men who could not hope to reach Jerusalem and return alive would go there to die, or would decree that their bodies or their hearts should be taken there for burial. Our Henry the Fourth had been told that he would not die save in Jerusalem. Shakespeare impressively employs the King's belief in the great death scene in the Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey.

It is here that the dying King falls, and from there they bear him to another chamber. When he revives and company comes about him, he asks:

*Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoond?*

The Earl of Warwick answers: "Tis called Jerusalem, my noble lord," and then the King exclaims:

*Laud be to God! Even there my life must
end.*

*It hath been prophesied to me many years
I should not die but in Jerusalem,
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll
lie:*

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

And there, in the famous Jerusalem Chamber, he passed to his rest.

The Wonderful Adventure

London is a wonderful adventure in social life. It is an attempt to knit together seven or eight millions of people into a common life on a relatively small area. So far there is nothing similar to it in the world.

Lord Ashfield

March 21, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

3

800 CLOCKS WITH ONE BEAT

FACING BIG BEN

Scientific Marvels at London's County Hall

ELECTRICAL INGENUITIES

Imagine 800 clocks, minus wheels, minus pendulums, little more than hands and faces, all marching in step together in one huge building to let a staff of two thousand people know the time of day. That is one of the wonders of the electrical installation at the great London County Hall.

Mr. Charles A. Baker, the County Council's electrical engineer, has been describing these clocks to the Society of Arts.

The 800 clocks have over them eight master clocks, each of which sends, every minute, an electrical impulse to all the clocks in its circuit. On receiving the impulse all the clocks in perfect obedience move forward accordingly. And they all run together so closely to Greenwich time that at the end of a month they are not more than three seconds out.

The Automatic Telephone

Still more wonderful is the automatic telephone. In the County Hall are between 600 and 700 telephones. When people in one part of the building want to talk to people in another part they simply unhook the receiver, and get through themselves, with a little finger work, to the number they want. The wonderful service by which they do so was cleverly explained in pictures the other day in the Children's Pictorial. Three thousand times every day, from one part of this great building to another, on any of the nine storeys, and over the six acres of floor, does this miracle take place.

That is not all that electricity does in the County Hall. It lights six thousand lamps in the building under the control of five thousand switches. The current is carried about the building through nearly one hundred miles of cable.

The Maid of All Work

Electricity sends eight passenger lifts up and down, and thirteen goods lifts. By means of fifty-eight motors it ventilates the entire place, and incidentally it does not disdain to act as a maid of all work, even to vacuum-sweeping and polishing the floors, cleaning the knives, and peeling the potatoes.

Very important also in the County Hall building are the bells. When the Council is sitting not all the members are in the council chamber, any more than all the members of the House of Commons are in attendance during the debates. So, when a division is called, just upon seventy bells immediately start ringing, at the sound of which the members come rushing back to pass through the lobbies and record their votes. Again it is electricity that works the marvel. A button is pressed, and seventy hammers begin to hit 140 gongs, one on each side of each hammer, with lightning speed.

Lightning Tame and Wild

Another interesting contrivance is what is called the annunciator, an instrument used in the House of Commons for some years past. When the Council is sitting word is sent to these instruments in ten parts of the building as to who is speaking and what subject is under discussion.

A building which makes such extraordinary use of tamed lightning has also to be protected from wild lightning which does not work lifts or carry messages, but, on the contrary, may do considerable damage. On the roof of the County Hall are 66 lightning-conductors, from which short lengths of copper tape are run and riveted on to the nearest joist forming part of the steel framework of the building. That steel framework, by the way, contains 8000 tons of steel.

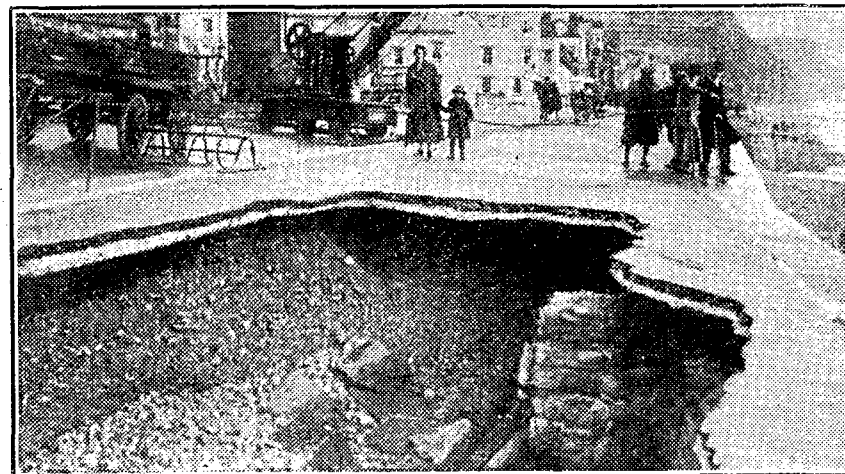
THE STORM SWEEPS OVER ENGLAND



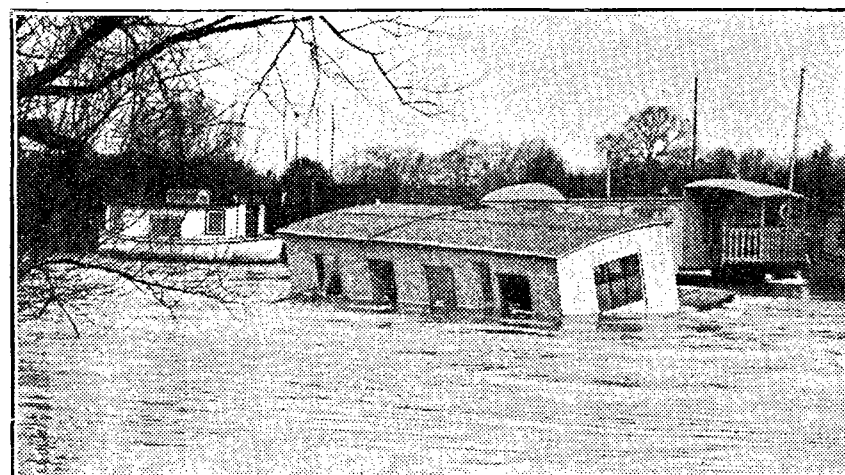
A hut wrecked at Westward Ho, Devon



The damage to the sea-wall at Appledore, North Devon



The ruined esplanade at Sidmouth



Houseboats under water at Hampton Court

Terrific gales have again passed over parts of England and done great damage, as can be seen by these photographs showing the wreckage of wind and storm in places as widely separated as Devon and Hampton Court

A NEW IDEA ABOUT YOU

IS THERE KNOWLEDGE IN YOUR MUSCLES?

The Marvellous Relations Between the Brain and the Body

DOES A CRICKETER'S ARM KNOW HOW TO BOWL?

It is the custom to speak with a measure of contempt of mere strength. We jestingly say of tough, muscular people, "Strong in the arm, weak in the head." It is unjust, and only a joke, but the saying is ancient and general.

But Professor T. H. Pear, lecturing at the Royal Institution, has advanced a most interesting theory which, if accepted, must give our muscles quite a new claim to respect. His subject is "Acquiring Muscular Skill," and covers much ground, of course, but the point for us is one which will interest every cricketer, everyone who plays bowls, and, indeed, any game in which accuracy of pitch and aim is involved.

What Guides the Ball?

Professor F. Wood Jones has laid it down before the Royal College of Surgeons that it is the brain which guides and controls the hand in the marvellous feats which it performs. We all suppose that to be so, and imagine also that the brain controls every action of the muscles associated with the hand and arm. But Professor Pear does not agree.

In bowling, he says, it is not the mind of the player which seems to tell the arm muscles how long the pitch is, but the *knowledge appears to be vested in the muscles themselves*.

Can instinct reside in members of the body, apart from the brain, without relation to conscious thought? We know that we blink if the eye is menaced, or duck the head if in danger, whether we wish to do so or not.

There is a wonderful story bearing on the subject which will interest Professor Pear if he does not already know it.

The Sanskrit Printer

When Max Müller was at Oxford University printing books in Sanskrit, he frequently made mistakes, and, to his surprise, found these either corrected or with a question mark put against them on his proofs. Naturally he imagined that a good Sanskrit scholar was engaged on the printing. Inquiry proved that the man who was making these careful corrections did not know a word of Sanskrit!

The explanation is curious. In Sanskrit certain letters never come together. In English we could never put a consonant after q, Sanskrit has many such cases. Now, it happened that a certain printer suffered from slight paralysis of the right arm. This made him a slow, though careful workman, so he was given the Sanskrit to set up. Long practice accustomed him to the natural grouping of the letters. His poor arm attained a certain swing in its journey to and from compartment after compartment to pick up the types.

Force of Habit

"You see," he explained to the scholar, "my arm gets into this regular swing, and there are combinations which never occur. So if I suddenly have to pick up types which entail a new movement, I feel it, and put a query."

His arm recognised the changed length and direction of the pitch, and rebelled against the action which his mind bade it perform.

So when cricket comes in again and we take up the ball to bowl, we may perhaps look with greater reverence on the cunning arm which is to do the work when we have shouted "Play!"

FRANCE SALUTES A CONQUEROR FINE GESTURE OF FORGIVENESS

Memorial to the Victor of Agincourt in a French Castle GOOD END TO A LONG STORY

Time brings his revenges. Joan of Arc, after being burned as a witch, is now among the saints. Today France has gone farther.

She has placed a memorial to our Henry the Fifth in the old castle of Vincennes, where he died, and has thus honoured the memory of the fiercest and boldest conqueror who ever raised the English flag on French soil. That is indeed a gesture of forgiveness.

If we give half an hour to Harry of England in the histories, we give many hours of delight to his company in Shakespeare. Where fact ends and the enchantment of the wizard begins we do not know, but it is all excitement, laughter, and pride, with perhaps a sudden tear, with which we see him.

Henry at Agincourt

For as Madcap Hal he is among the most lovable company of witty ne'er-do-wells found anywhere in literature—the incomparable Falstaff and his friends, Pistol, Bardolph, Nym, and the rest; the gallant Hotspur, the romantic Glendower, the comic, gallant Welshman Fluellen.

Time turns round, even in Shakespeare, and the wild laughing youth is a King, leaving England to "grandsires, babies, and old women," while he goes to battle for a kingdom, and, firing his little army with the deathless words which Shakespeare puts into his mouth, wins the immortal battle of Agincourt.

It is almost a pity that we know history and realise that politics led up to the exquisite scenes of his wooing of Katharine of Valois; she with her broken English, he with his thoroughly John Bullish French, but his delightful, manly pleading. She does love him, and he loves her, but there is diplomacy as well as passion in the match, and he is to get all France with her, that is to say, he is to be the heir to the entire kingdom.

Recalled to France

"Is it possible," asks the lovely Kate, "that I should love the enemy of France?"

"No," says her royal lover, "it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine; and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine."

But it did not prove so. The wedding was brilliant and happy, but war recalled Henry to France and death struck him down in the midst of his triumphs, at Vincennes.

Never was there such a funeral in modern times as his, such gloomy splendour: his effigy on the bier, his enormous funeral litter, mighty black horses, flaming torches, processions across two lands of princes, warriors, priests, and weeping women; services at every town on the way, from Notre Dame in Paris, on to Canterbury Cathedral, and so to Westminster, where his huge sable black chargers were ridden up to the high altar behind him.

England's Hope

Then Time made another and still more dramatic turn of the wheel. In the King's train there was a young Welsh squire named Owen Tudor, descended from the old British kings of far away and long ago. Some time after her widowhood, Katharine, still only 21, and with her son still an infant, fell in love with and married the young Welsh squire.

The marriage was kept secret, but when three children had been born the fact had to be recognised, and she was

THE MAGIC TANK And What a Professor Makes in It SUGAR FROM LIGHT

It was explained some time ago in the C.N. that Professor Baly of Liverpool University had turned the waste gases of the atmosphere into formaldehyde by means of light.

Ultra-violet light falling upon waste carbon dioxide and water vapour causes a subtle combination which makes this valuable substance, for formaldehyde is used largely in many industries.

Professor Baly noticed that if he allowed the action of light to go on too long the formaldehyde gradually turned into sugar. Now sugar, being one of our foremost foods, is even more valuable than formaldehyde, and new experiments were made to try to produce synthetic sugar from the waste products of the air.

If this could be done, the world could make its own sugar and many other foodstuffs, for the raw materials, carbon dioxide and water, are present in abundance and cost nothing.

A Great Discovery

Professor Baly has now constructed a magic tank in which sugar has been made on a laboratory scale. Instead of slight traces of sugar requiring expert knowledge to detect, he has produced quantities large enough to lead us to predict that before many years light, carbon dioxide, and water may play a huge part in feeding humanity.

The tank is of glass, 15 inches square and eight inches deep. It is filled with a solution of formaldehyde. Into this dip two quartz tubes inside which are two mercury vapour lamps. Finely powdered chalk is stirred up with the liquid, and gradually (in fourteen days) eight per cent of the formaldehyde is turned into sugar.

By these wonderful experiments Professor Baly has made an advance of world-wide importance.

ELIZABETH STEVENS The Old Match-Seller

What a lot of secret generosity there is in the world!

An old match-seller who for years had sold her matches in Victoria Street, London, has died. She must have been very poor, yet she gave many half-crowns, and shillings, and sixpences to the Westminster Hospital. Nobody knew she did this except a doctor who used to see her come to the hospital and always drop something into the box.

Now the old lady is dead the doctor has told of these secret gifts, and the C.N. would like everyone to know of the generous old woman to whom these shillings and sixpences must have meant as much as hundreds of pounds to many people. Her name was Elizabeth Stevens.

Continued from the previous column

pitilessly banished to a convent at Bermondsey. She never came out of it, and her husband was hounded from prison to prison for having married the woman he loved.

Time continued to turn his wheel; Katharine died, and was buried meanly. But more wonderful things happened. Out of the Wars of the Roses a little boyish figure appears. His uncle, doomed Henry the Sixth, summons him:

*Come hither, England's hope
This pretty lad will prove our country's
bliss.*

*His looks are full of peaceful majesty,
His head by Nature framed to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre, and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.*

It all came true in the end, after bitter suffering and exile. The pretty lad was crowned on Bosworth battlefield King Henry the Seventh. And that young King was grandson of the banished Katharine and despised Owen Tudor, the poor proud Welshman.

So began our House of Tudor.

THE BUS NUMBERS What Has Happened to Them? A LITTLE PUZZLE EXPLAINED

Most Londoners have been puzzled by the bus numbers of late, wondering why such great changes have been made in the numbering of the routes, and especially why such high numbers are used for some of them.

The answer to the first question is simple. Under the new London Traffic Act, which gives power to make regulations to lessen the traffic in overcrowded streets, the numbering of the buses has been taken over by the Police, who have made a rule that every difference in the routes must have a different number.

Before the change all the buses going, for instance, between Liverpool Street and Shepherd's Bush, whether they went all the way or only part of the way, were marked 11. Now only those that go the whole way are marked 11. Those that start at Aldwych instead of Liverpool Street are marked 11A, and those that stop at Victoria instead of going on to Shepherd's Bush are marked 11B.

Numbers and Routes

On some routes the buses go most of the journey the same way but finish up differently, or start differently. These used to be distinguished by A's and B's. Now the A's and B's are wanted for another purpose, as we have seen, so some other distinction had to be invented. This has been found by adding a figure in the hundreds place before the original number.

Thus, before the change, all buses going from Stoke Newington to Richmond were marked 73, and those that went on to Kingston were marked 73A. But now 73A is wanted for the buses going from Stoke Newington to East Sheen, so the Kingston buses are marked 173. For the same reason the figure 2 is put in front of other numbers and even 5.

So that if one sees a bus marked 529 it does not mean that there are over 500 different routes going, but merely that a bus on the 29 route between Victoria and Hadley Woods varies its journey somehow beyond those points, and in a different way from what it would if it were marked 129 (Victoria to North Finchley), or 229 or 329 or 429.

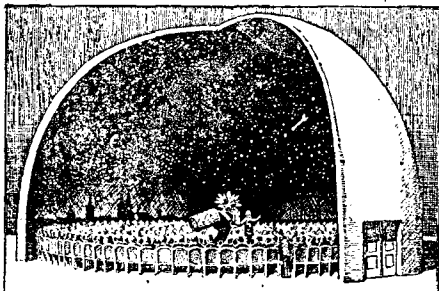
So it is now all quite simple, is it not?

THE PLANETARIUM A New Thing to See in Bavaria

One of our travelling correspondents who has passed through Germany sends us this note.

As I was travelling through Bavaria the other day I saw a queer, dome-like building going up, placed squat on the ground like a gigantic Kaffir hut.

On inquiring what it was, I was told it was a Planetarium. When you go inside you find yourself under a dome, with the night sky and all the stars



The Planetarium, with part of the dome cut away to show the inside

shining in their places. Then, with the help of a complicated apparatus provided by the famous Jena firm of Zeiss, the lecturer can show the movements of the planets relative to the fixed stars, the phases of the Moon, and so on.

So the most complicated and difficult of all the sciences is being brought down to be within the comprehension of ordinary people. Could we not have a Planetarium installed in London for the benefit of the London schools?

A LITTLE P.S. TO THE GREAT WAR WONDERFUL TALE OF A BOOK

New Chapter in a Nation's Oldest Volume

THROWN AT A BOY'S HEAD

A striking story of the changes Time has brought about in Hungary comes from one of our great auction rooms. It is another little postscript to the Great War.

About seventy years ago some Nyitra schoolboys were having a "scrap." Nyitra was then a town in Northern Hungary. The map of Europe has changed since those days, and the town is now part of Slovakia.

One of these boys was called Adolf Ehrenfeld. He was a very clever student, and, appropriately enough, in the thick of the scrap a book whizzed at his head. Adolf dodged, caught it, and pocketed it. "Spoils of war," he shouted, and went on to settle with the lad who had thrown it.

A Rare Treasure

At home he glanced at the book, saw that it was a musty, frusty old thing, and tossed it into a drawer. It lay for years under piles of forgotten odds and ends.

In the meantime Adolf was growing up. He left his school days behind, took a degree, and became a clever and famous lawyer. One day, going through some ancient properties, he came on the book, smiled to remember the scrap, and looked at the volume again.

Adolf (he was then Dr. Ehrenfeld) sat down with the old book, absorbed, stupefied. He suddenly realised that all these years a rare treasure had been hidden among relics of his school days.

He saw that the musty, frusty old thing that had come whizzing at his head so long before was an early Hungarian translation of the life of Francis of Assisi. A little later he found out from experts that the book, which dated from 1430 and contained 81 pages, was the first book written in the Hungarian language, older than printing.

The London Sale Room

From that time Dr. Ehrenfeld looked on the St. Francis as his dearest treasure. It was known among bookworms as the Codex Ehrenfeld. A good many people wanted to buy it from him, but nothing would induce him to part with it.

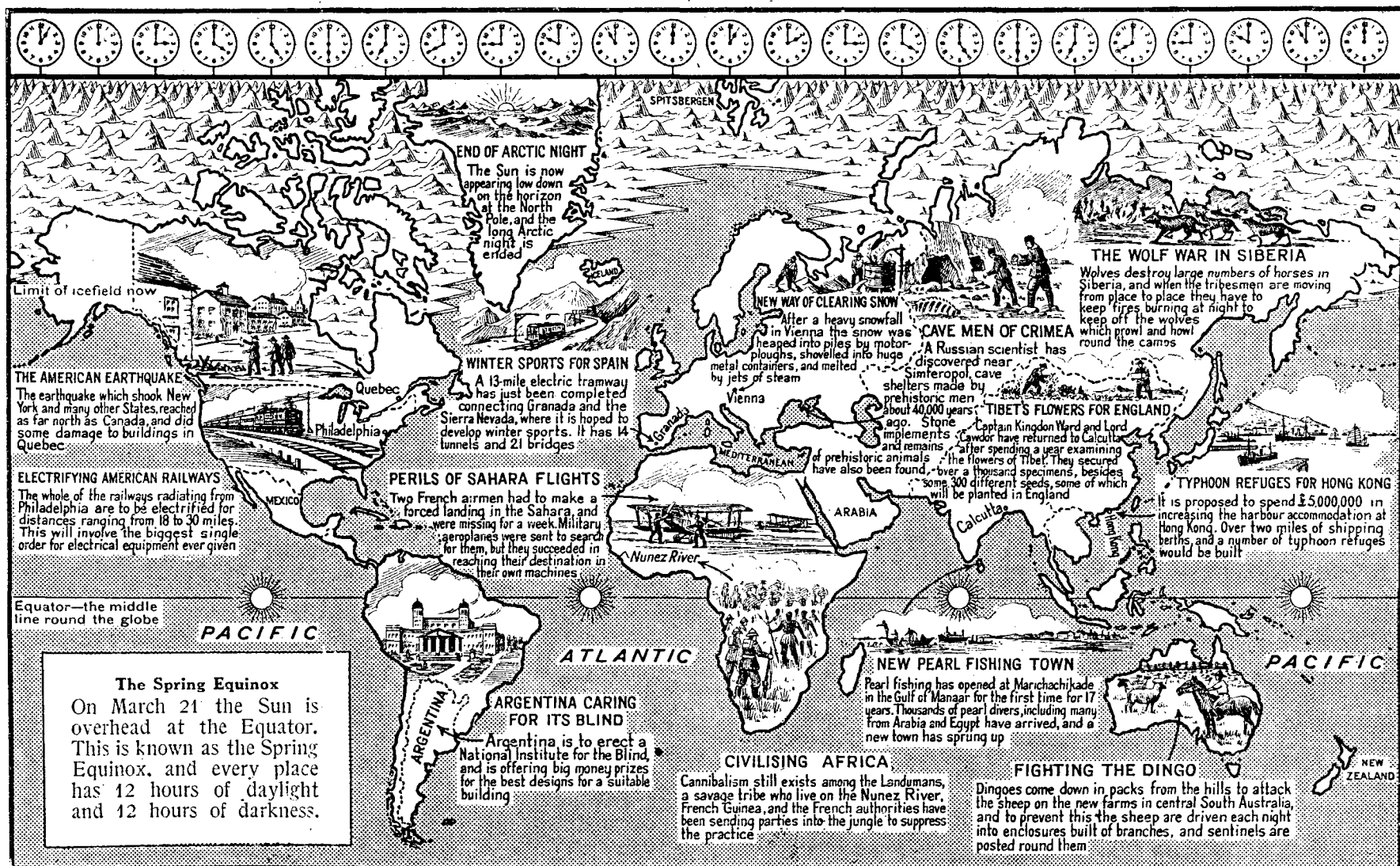
Another generation passed by, and the lawyer's family, now living in Vienna, fell on dark days. The Great War had come and gone, and Austria and Hungary had fallen from their high estate. Poverty knocked at the door of her nobles, and many treasures had to go. It was understood that the St. Francis must be kept, but the day came when the old treasure had to be sacrificed. It was sent to Sotheby's in London the other day to be put up for sale in their famous auction rooms, and the family fixed a reserve price of a thousand pounds. "Spoils of War" the book had been to Adolf; spoils of war it had become indeed.

A National Possession

It happened that the Hungarian National Assembly heard of this, and they felt that such a treasure must not be lost for Hungary. Other people agreed with them, in particular one generous person who prefers to be anonymous, and, helped by this private generosity, the Hungarian Assembly raised a large sum of money, much more than the thousand pounds. A telegram was sent to Sotheby's and the book was withdrawn from the auction list. It is to go to the Hungarian National Museum.

For the future it is to be known by a new name, and will be called the Codex Jokai, in honour of the great writer whose centenary Hungary is celebrating.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



FANNY CROSBY DAY IN U.S.A. Honouring a Famous Hymn Writer

No hymn writer composed more hymns than Fanny Crosby, the blind American poet. Some of them are not so much sung today as a generation ago, but hardly a hymn book is published without Rescue the Perishing, Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour, or Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

March 22 is being made a Fanny Crosby Day in the United States, as being the nearest Sunday to the anniversary of her birth on March 24, 1823. The idea is to raise funds for a Fanny Crosby Memorial, which Miss Crosby told her friends she hoped might be in the form of a home for the aged, if they wished to remember her. Dr. Parkes Cadman, the famous American preacher, is chairman of the National Committee raising funds for this home which it is hoped to build at Bridgeport, Connecticut.

From her earliest days Fanny Crosby was blind, for she tragically lost her sight when a baby through a hot poultice being ignorantly put on her eyes by someone who thought it was a cure for some trouble there. She became a teacher, and in 1858 married Alexander Van Alstyne, a blind musician. She published her first poem at eight, and continued writing for over eighty years. Once, with some of her blind pupils, she appeared before the American Senate with the object of interesting its members in the education of the blind. She recited to the legislators one of her own poems, and held them spellbound.

ENGINEER'S GREAT CLIMB

Mount Aconcagua (23,000 feet), which is the highest peak in the Andes and has only been ascended twice, has just been conquered by an English railway engineer, who had made two previous unsuccessful attempts to climb it.

103 YEARS OF LIFE Looking Back a Century

A remarkable man who lived for over a century has just died. He was Charles Tulley, of Hassocks, in Sussex, and he had lived to within a month of his 104th birthday. He enjoyed looking after his garden even when he was 102. He is said to have been the first man to rear the famous South Down sheep.

At ten he was working 12 hours a day as a carter's boy, for a wage of a shilling a week; at 21 he began to farm for himself; and 24 years ago he retired from active work. When a messenger from the King arrived to congratulate him on his hundredth birthday, he was surprised to find Mr. Tulley planting potatoes.

The descendants of Mr. Tulley number nearly a hundred, scattered throughout the English-speaking world.

WILLIAM GREEN America's New Labour Leader

That great trade union organisation the American Federation of Labour has just elected a new President. He seems to be quite a different kind of man from Mr. Gompers, who died not long ago.

Mr. Gompers was an opponent of Prohibition and had no special Church connections. Mr. William Green is a teetotaler, who worked for Prohibition, and is also an active Baptist.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest:

A painting by Reynolds . . .	£1575
A portrait by Hoppner . . .	£1102
A portrait by Romney . . .	£819
Charles Lamb's cottage . . .	£800
A 17th-century Gobelin's tapestry . . .	£336
Letter of Benjamin Franklin . . .	£150
Twelve Queen Anne silver forks . . .	£122
A second folio Shakespeare, 1632 . . .	£122
Boswell's Life of Johnson . . .	£114
Autograph poem of Burns . . .	£88
A Good Hope 4d. stamp, 1861 . . .	£34

THE POPE'S TALK TO YOUNG AUSTRALIA Joy of Their Families and Pride of Their Country

There was a pleasing sight in old Rome the other day, when the Australian boys who are touring Europe went to see the Pope and his garden.

The boys were presented to the Pope, who gave each his hand to kiss. After the famous Swiss Guard had paid them military honours in the Clementine Hall, the boys were drawn up in the hall of the Consistory to receive audience.

The Pope received his guests with great benevolence, and talked to some of the younger boys. He then ascended the Papal throne and spoke to them. He urged them to be good students and patriotic citizens in order that they might be the joy of their families and the pride of their country.

Is it not a very striking thing, this meeting of the old and the new in the Eternal City? We all know the story of the Angles and Angels, when a Pope for the first time noticed English boys in the Roman streets. It happened a thousand years before anybody knew there was such a place as Australia.

THE C.P.

A Budget of Good Pictures

The C.N.'s weekly picture companion, The Children's Pictorial, is full of good things again this week.

There are nearly a hundred pictures, including a series of photographs of the biggest motor liner in the world; the Picture Journey Round the World is continued; the Week's Wild Life is given in 17 photographs; and the Bran Tub is packed with pictures and paragraphs about interesting things to do and make.

The thrilling story of how a man danced on the very summit of Strassburg Cathedral spire, 465 feet above the street, is told in story and picture. Ask your newsagent for the Children's Pictorial, published every Tuesday at twopence.

POOR NOWABEE An Eskimo Who Caught Cold in London

Some time ago the C.N. wrote about Nowabee, the merry young Eskimo from Baffin Land, who came to London to see Wembley.

Since then, sad to say, Nowabee has had bad luck, for he caught cold and nearly died of influenza. In fact, he has only been out of hospital for a few weeks, and is now waiting for a boat to take him back to the Arctic. There is only one boat a year, which sails from England in June, so Nowabee is filling in the time by seeing the great city.

He thinks London "plenty good." He had an excellent opinion of it long ago, but he did not know how to express himself in English. Now, although he is by no means a linguist, he can make himself understood wherever he goes. This is necessary, as he spends a good deal of his time on the Tube escalators.

Nowabee is quite up-to-date. He loves listening-in, and enjoys a wireless concert every evening in his home in North London. He has even learned to dance, and how to sing "It ain't gonna rain no mo'."

We shall miss his cheerful, pleasant smile when he leaves us in the summer. But his wife and children will be glad to see him, and one can imagine the tales he will have to tell to his Eskimo friends in lonely Baffin Land.

SCHOLARSHIPS ABROAD A City Company Does a Fine Thing

The Worshipful Company of Cutlers, one of the oldest, wealthiest and most important of the ancient City guilds, has made a most generous offer to the London County Council, which has accepted it gladly.

Five scholarships, each worth £90, will be given each year to enable boys of British birth attending the secondary schools of the metropolis to pursue the study of foreign languages abroad.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 21 1925

A Truce of God

By the Prime Minister

We give this column this week to the Prime Minister, because we feel that this message to the nation should be sent out as far and wide as it may be.

OVER the last three years you have seen bit by bit healthy spots forming in Europe, spreading outwards and gradually driving back the unhealthy parts, so that we begin to have hope that before too long the bit itself may be the whole.

What has prevented the more rapid recovery of Europe, and what is today the one check and blight on an outlook which is beginning to look more hopeful? It is that accursed suspicion between man and man and nation and nation that robs Europe of the sense of security.

I am wholeheartedly with those who wish for peace on the Continent and for disarmament, but far more do I plead for disarmament at home, for the removal of that suspicion which tends to poison the relations of man and man, the removal of which can alone lead us to the stability of our struggling industry and create confidence in which our people may be able to move forward to better things.

By all means let us have our conferences abroad, but let us not ignore our conferences at home, for those things which touch us far more closely than anything that happens across the Channel. Why must we reserve all our talk of peace to the Continent, and forget to have our thoughts and prayers for peace at home? It is a paradox of public life that from the lips of men who preach Pacifism abroad the cry comes of war at home. Who was it said of Rousseau that he was a lover of his kind, and a hater of his kin? In the Middle Ages, when the whole of Europe was in conflict, one part with another, and one fragment with another, men of goodwill used to strive in vain for what they called the truce of God, in which people might compose their differences and live like brothers.

I want the truce of God in this country, that we may compose our differences, that we may join hands together to see if we cannot pull the country into a better and happier condition.

I dread that subtle poison of hatred which is being spread in some quarters, weakening the faith of men in their own efficient service and sound workmanship, which have done so much to make the greatness of England.

If I have a message to the people of this country it is just this: *England, steady! Look where you are going. Human hands were given us to clasp, and not to be raised against one another in fratricidal strife.*



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Not Afraid

SOMEBODY has been saying a fine thing about Mr. Branting, the great friend of a peaceful Europe, who has passed to "where, beyond these voices, there is peace." He was not afraid to be too soon in peace-making, we are told.

Not afraid to be too soon! Not afraid to be the first to say Pax, to be the first to shake hands, to be the first to begin again! What a fine reputation to leave behind in the world!

Still True

A WORD for ourselves is sometimes not amiss. Here is one we came upon the other day.

If you want to go into battle, have an Englishman at your right hand and another at your left, and two immediately in front and two close behind. There is something in the English which seems to guarantee security. Never forget that, even when you are most irritated by the antics of these engaging madmen.

It was one of the greatest Frenchmen of long ago (Voltaire) who wrote that; we should like our French friends of today to believe it.



Trotsky at the Pictures

This is how a New York cartoonist sees the fallen Trotsky looking at the fallen Napoleon in a picture gallery

London from its Doomed Bridge

WE read the other day this fine impression of London by a fine artist:

I am an old man. I have seen nearly all the famous beauty spots of the world, and I don't suppose I shall see any more.

I have seen Budapest at its best. I have seen, from the Sea of Marmora, the Sun setting behind the domes and minarets of Constantinople. I have seen Edinburgh and Quebec on their hills. Yet I have never seen anything more beautiful in all my life than the Thames Embankment from Waterloo Bridge, with its wide curve from the Tower to the Houses of Parliament, noble buildings nearly all the way.

And now this famous bridge is doomed. After a hundred years of service the masterpiece of Sir John Rennie, the bridge—bearer of the fame of Wellington and Waterloo, is worn out.

But we may all be thankful that the majesty of the sight we see from it is indestructible for many generations.

Old Joe's Garden

WHO founded Covent Garden? We do not know his name, but he was known in Doctor Johnson's day as Old Joe.

He, first of all Englishmen, set up a little flower stall in the place which is now the famous flower market of London. Others followed him; there were the simplers, who sold the herbs from which our ancestors brewed home-made medicines, and there were the countrywomen whose hedgerow bunches gave its name to Primrose Hill.

How amazed they would have been if they could have foreseen the day when foreign flowers would come to Covent Garden by aeroplane!

Tip-Cat

A MAN is reported to have walked to Brighton on tomatoes. What was the matter with his own?

THE Queen of Spain, we read, has a typewriter of white enamel and gold, with ivory keys. Still just as rotten work can be done on it.

AUSTRALIA cannot, we are told, hold the Pacific with only six million people. Especially as most of them have so many other things to do.

ONE of the most snug places to live in is just inside your income.

CIVIL servants are silent in public. Which proves their civility.

WHEN all speak well of a politician, says Mr. Lloyd George, he is a back number. And has sometimes been sold.

THERE is no song about draughts, says a draughts champion. They seem to suggest airs nobody can play.

THEY say the Southern Railway is not so black as it is painted. Somebody must have been whitewashing it.

THE Prime Minister wants to be taken at his word. We hope it is not a cross word.

The Three Men

THERE are two kinds of men in the world, those who do things properly and those who do them otherwise. A correspondent has just been in touch with three of them:

Number One, fixing a pergola and having a faulty piece of oak, faced the fault to the front for all to see.

Number Two, told to remove a water tank at a cottage with plenty of land all round, fixed it across the scullery window.

Number Three, fixing a rest for the drinking water in a bathroom, set it on the wall six feet high.

When ordinary people do such things we can hardly be surprised that our politicians make so many blunders.

THINGS JUST SAID

MEN ARE TIRED OF HATING

The Power at the American's Elbow

MIRACLES

When you open a door in answer to your cat's mew, that is a miracle from the animal's point of view.

Sir Oliver Lodge

It is possible to produce with our coal the lowest priced electricity in the world. *Colonel Moore-Brabazon, M.P.*

No party can live, and no party ought to live, which shuts its eyes to the hideous conditions in which so large a portion of our population lives.

Lord Birkenhead

Parchment will fail; the sword will fail; it is only the spiritual nature of man that can be triumphant.

President Coolidge

We salute in the Royal Navy one of the last forces of civilisation.

M. Alfred Mallet

How much Florence Nightingale would have disliked being put on the list of saints! *Lady Frances Balfour*

I am antediluvian enough to believe both in God and in big guns.

Vice-Chancellor of Oxford

Take a dog to a concert. Does he hear Beethoven? He hears a noise. Some people are in the same predicament.

Sir Oliver Lodge

I should be a sad old man if I did not still believe that the Old Book was inspired.

Sir Edward Clarke

Personalise your sympathies and depersonalise your antipathies.

Dean Inge

Men have grown a little tired of being told off to hate their neighbours by numbers at the word of command.

Rudyard Kipling

The history of the world proves that the slow process of evolution is the most certain means of gaining the end.

Mr. J. H. Thomas

It can hardly be doubted that the purpose and aspirations of mankind are definitely, intelligently, and insistently enlisted in an effort to make war an impossibility.

President Coolidge

The cinema is one of those applications of white magic which have changed the face of the world. Nobody can set a limit to its power.

Lord Burnham

The American wage-earner has at his elbow 50 per cent more electric power than any of his competitors. Consequently his production is greater, his wages are higher, and the physical strain he undergoes is less.

Mr. Herbert Hoover

A sound man whose morale can be gassed and gangrened in time of peace till he condones and helps to create every form of confusion that will ruin himself and his neighbour, is doing his country infinitely more harm than a thousand casualties on the battlefield. And this is the essence of the new war—to create ill-will. *Mr. Kipling*

March 21, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

7

PEACE SCENE ON A WARSHIP

AMERICA'S LITTLE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The United States of Central America Established at Last FIVE NATIONS RESOLVE ON NO MORE WAR

There was a historic scene the other day on a United States battleship, a great contribution to the cause of Peace.

A splendid example has been set to the rest of the world by the little nations of Central America—Guatemala, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Honduras, and Costa Rica.

They have united to form a little League of Nations, and, while retaining their full individuality and separate nationality, have agreed not to make war among themselves and to set up an international court for the whole of Central America which shall deal with all disputed questions by arbitration.

A Solemn Agreement

They have further bound themselves not to recognise any Government which comes into power in any of the countries by means of an unconstitutional revolution or a coup d'état. If a civil war occurs in one Republic the other States are bound to remain neutral.

This is all really wonderful, for Central America is as much the land of wars and revolutions as Japan is the land of earthquakes.

Some years ago, as readers of the C.N. may remember, these same countries tried to come to an arrangement by which they would sink their separate nationalities and form one large republic with a single president and a single parliament, a kind of United States of Central America.

It was an admirable idea, but it was found impossible of attainment.

Example for the Balkans

But wise counsels prevailed and a fresh conference was held which resulted in a treaty being signed by the five powers on a United States warship in neutral waters. This treaty sets up an international tribunal to decide all differences, and consists of thirty arbitrators, each Republic furnishing six judges for this purpose. Of each set of six judges four are to be nationals of the Republic they represent, and the other two are to be taken from a list presented by the United States.

The five Republics have agreed solemnly to submit every dispute that may arise to this tribunal, except any that involves their sovereign and independent existence.

While a League of Nations for the whole world is being moulded into shape, and its machinery is being perfected to embrace all peoples, the idea of a smaller League to embrace the countries of a given region is excellent, and might well be extended. What an excellent thing it would be, for instance, if the Balkan countries could follow the example of the Central American States.

Free Trade

The Central American Republics have in their friendly League agreed to various other propositions making for peace and amity. They have, for example, agreed to treat one another's citizens as equal, and this treaty says: "The nationals of one of the contracting parties, residing in the territory of any of the others, shall enjoy the same civil rights as are enjoyed by citizens of the respective countries."

The Central American Republics have further agreed that there shall be free trade between the five States, and here again they have set a good example. If this example were followed, and regional free trade between groups of nations became common, it might not be long before the whole world became free to trade, and every nation would produce what it is best fitted to produce.

THE END OF A SILLY IDEA

THERE is always somebody who must giggle. There is always somebody who must spoil a beautiful silence or a noble scene.

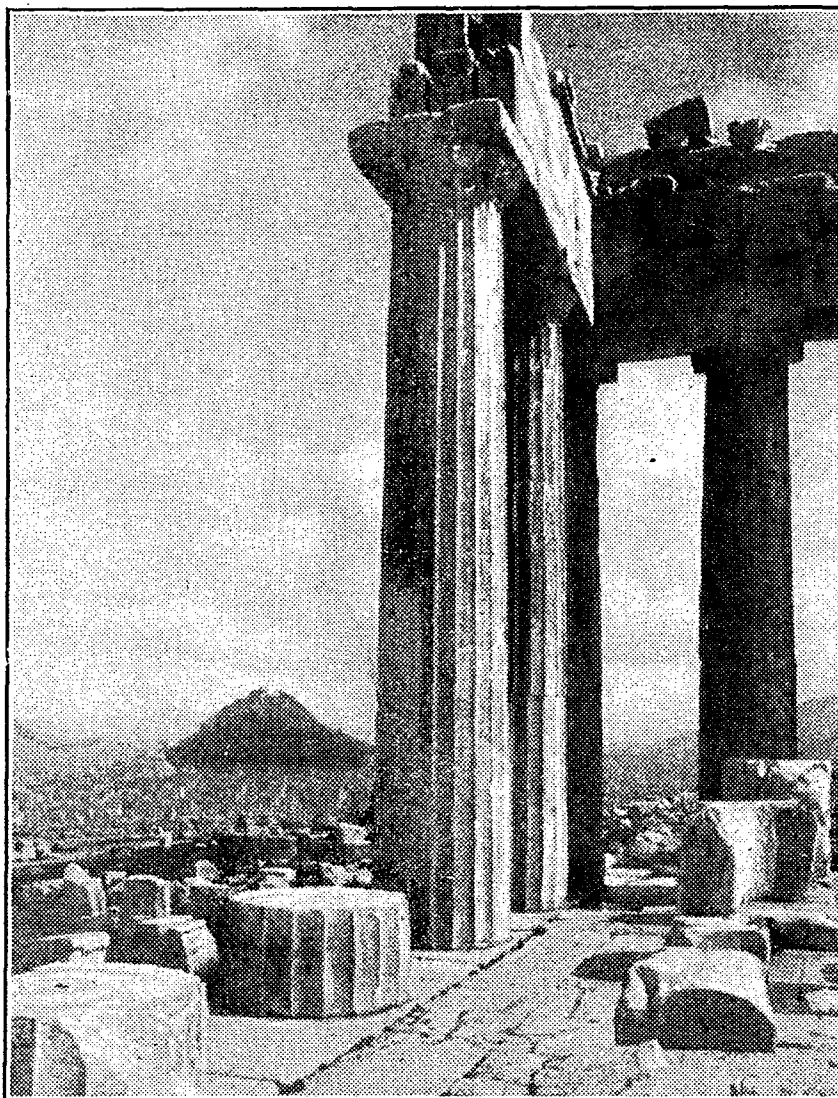
For six months somebody has been spoiling the quiet of the quietest scene in London—the sublime stillness of the Green Park by night, and the tranquillity of the great space about Buckingham Palace. It is a long time since the C.N. protested against the finicky silliness of the flickering lights set up in the roadway there.

What the idea of the lights can have been we do not know, unless they were the product of the idea that in this

Kinema Age everything must flicker and move. What everybody does know is that for months these lights have been a nuisance, bewildering the passer-by, while satisfying no purpose conceivable, and it is good news to know that somebody behind the Office of Works has at last come round to our view and that the kinema lights are to go.

Within a few nights we hope to see restored the beautiful serenity of this place, the noblest space that London has, where, as midnight falls upon us, the noise of the Great City is so hushed that those who pass by among the trees can almost hear the still, small voice.

RESTORING THE WORLD'S NOBLEST RUIN



The wonderful Parthenon at Athens, generally acknowledged to be the most perfect specimen of Greek architecture now existing, is to be restored, the fallen columns being set up again as nearly as possible in their original state. The Parthenon stood almost uninjured till the end of the 17th century, but in 1687, when it was being used as a Turkish magazine, a bomb exploded and ruined it.

CHANGING THE FACE OF AN ISLAND Peaceful Heligoland

A lecturer has been talking about the work that has been done in turning the island fortress of Heligoland into an innocent fishing station.

It has been a tremendous piece of work, for the Germans spent £35,000,000 and 24 years in fortifying the island and providing it with harbour works. A tunnel a mile long ran the whole length of the island to connect a honeycomb of underground workings.

Nearly 200,000 cubic yards of concrete and brickwork were demolished in the harbour; 60,000 feet of drilling was carried out; and about 300,000 pounds of explosives were used. The underground chambers were either destroyed or filled in with concrete. The work of destruction took two years.

Never before has the face of an island been so changed, except by forces beyond the control of man.

HERE STANDS AMERICA Aware of Its Might

President Coolidge, who succeeded to the Presidency on the death of Mr. Harding, has been delivering his inaugural address on taking office for the first time after his election to the post, and these are the last words of his speech.

Here stands our country, an example of tranquillity at home and the patron of tranquillity abroad; here stands its Government, aware of its might, but obedient to its conscience, and here it will continue to stand, seeking peace and prosperity.

America seeks no earthly empire built on blood and force. No ambition, no temptation, lures her to the thought of foreign dominions. The legions which she sends forth are armed, not with the sword, but with the Cross.

She cherishes no purpose save to merit the favour of Almighty God.

A GOVERNOR'S PERFECT DAY

THE GREAT WHITE MAN AMONG THE NATIVES

Striking Scene in a Jungle Village of Burma

WHAT RULING THE EMPIRE MEANS

We have already referred to the wonderful journey of the Governor of Burma to a jungle village, but the full description has now been sent home, and this account of a day's life in the jungle is based on information from The Times correspondent.

It was a great day in Maingkwang, the greatest the Naga village had ever known.

A high platform had been raised in a clear space near the creeping jungle where the bell-tents of the Great White Headmen who had come from afar were guarded by their military police.

Round the platform, massed as far as the eye could see, clear back to the tree-ferns and the whispering bamboos, were thousands of Nagas and Kachins and Shans, as unsmiling as the sentries; for this was a serious as well as a great day for these people. The greatest White Headman of all was to speak to them, and something of what he was about to say they had learned from their own headmen.

The White Man's Voice

It was a matter of grave import which might disturb all the customs of their lives, and of their forefathers before them. Most of them had never seen a white man before, much less heard him speak; but this great man's voice was to be heard by them, and he had come through forest and jungle from distant Southern Burma that they might listen to him.

Wherefore these wild, fierce men who live in unvisited valleys as wild and intractable as themselves, between the jungles of Burma and pestilent Chinese Yunnan, settled themselves to hear the great man speak.

The rifles of the police crashed out a salute, the bugles sang, the elephants about the platform loudly trumpeted. The audience stirred and were silent. The Great Man broke the silence.

Another Miracle

Then another miracle! He was speaking in their own tongue! The wild Kachins drank in his words with amazement, for they could understand them. And what was he strangely saying? He was telling them that there were to be no more slaves among them. He was sternly bidding them to sacrifice human beings no more. Slavery and human sacrifice were to cease. They were abominable, and he would not permit it.

There was a stir of wonder, almost of unbelief, among the listening tribes. Had they understood aright? Always they had had slaves among them. How else would they get in their crops? Always they had sacrificed boys and girls to the demon Nats. How otherwise were the demons to be appeased?

Gramophone and Fireworks

But now their own headman, the Taung-Ok, repeated to them what the white man (who was, in truth, Sir Harcourt Butler, the Governor of Burma) had come all the way from Rangoon to their country to say. The Taung-Ok told them that the Government was determined that slavery and sacrifice should cease, but that money would be paid for slaves to release them.

The Durbar was over. It was followed by a religious festival, buffaloes being slaughtered and much eaten. The Governor's escort let off rockets and many fireworks, and the echoes of the jungle were awakened by a wondrous gramophone. Presents were given, scissors and needles and matches to the common people, guns and clothing to the chiefs; and the end of a perfect day was the public release of some of the slaves.

THE BIRD'S HAVEN

MEMORIAL OF A GREAT MAN

A Gracious Place for a Gracious Memory

W. H. HUDSON CORNER OF HYDE PARK

London is to have one more public memorial. This time we are not to be reminded of the clamour of war or the echoes of government, but of a man whose name is a gracious memory in the hearts of those who love birds and animals and the solitude of forests.

He was W. H. Hudson, a writer and a personality beloved on both sides the Atlantic. The memorial, almost ready, is to be a shelter for birds, and will be placed directly to the north of the open-air theatre in Hyde Park, near the grove that is known as the Wild Bird's Sanctuary.

The Tree Spirit

One of the most famous of modern sculptors, Mr. Jacob Epstein, has carved the memorial, which is to show a tree spirit rising from the trees, surrounded by flocks of birds. The sculpture is to be placed amid green hedges, stretches of turf, stone walls and seats; and there will be a bird bath and a lily pond.

Nothing more delightful has been thought of for a long time, and we shall look forward eagerly to the unveiling of the memorial. It would have been finished sooner had not the Memorial Committee been short of funds.

The public both in North and South America and in England, who shared the loyalties and friendships of Mr. Hudson, have given generously toward the memento, but about £300 is still needed. If C.N. readers with a shilling to spare will send it to the Editor of Country Life, 20, Tavistock Street, W.C. 2, they will have the joy of feeling that they have helped to raise something of which the nation will be proud.

A Test of Manhood

Mr. Hudson's books on Nature and her secret ways have added a great wealth to our literature. We know how much he knew of hidden life in jungle and forest; we know that from *Green Mansions*, a book from which the idea of the memorial was taken.

In that volume he writes with love and insight about birds that few people are privileged to see. He saw them because he had something of the qualities of the Indian tribe he wrote about, one of whose tests of manhood was the power to stand perfectly motionless for two hours or more while the mysterious life of the forest went on about them.

He had an intense love for birds of all kinds—sooty Cockney sparrows, finches, and thrushes in London parks, blackbirds and linnets in English lanes, as well as those rare, wild children of solitary tracts which sooner or later, in the march of civilisation over the globe, will perish utterly.

Our Little Brothers

One day in a remote place he heard the note of the bell-bird, and he wrote:

O mystic bell-bird of the heavenly race of the swallow and dove, the quetzal and the nightingale! When the brutish savage and the brutish white man that slay thee, one for food, the other for the benefit of science, shall have passed away, live still, live to tell thy message. . . .

This vast love for life of the secret places of Nature was only one part of his tenderness. Hudson watched the thirsty summer birds in London parks, the hungry birds in winter, and the cry of his soul was that we might spare a little energy from schemes for central heating and waterworks in our great cities, and bestow it in some form on help for "our little brothers the birds," as St. Francis called them.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Railway cars with concrete floors are being manufactured in Germany.

An experimental farm in Saskatchewan has developed wheat with twelve rows of kernels to a head.

Sir William Barrett suggests a small tax on the names of houses, houses with plain numbers being free.

Prussia's Population

It is stated that the population of Prussia increased by 600,000 in 1924.

Tragedies of London

From 1921 to 1923 nearly 600 children were killed in the streets of London.

50,000 Cotton Farms

Natives of the Belgian Congo are now raising cotton on more than 50,000 small farms.

Letter-Boxes on Trams

Letter-boxes are to be placed on the front of Liverpool tram-cars on three routes, to enable suburban residents to post letters later in the evening.

For the Men who Won the War

Over £340,000 was collected on Poppy Day last year to help ex-servicemen, and colonies as far away as Hong Kong and Malaya sent big sums of money.

Your Old C.N.

Lady Victoria Herbert, at 4, Upper George Street, London, W., would be glad to hear from readers willing to post old copies of the C.N. to lonely people.

18 Years in the Post

A postcard sent from Keswick in 1907 has just been delivered in Carlisle, 36 miles away, after being 18 years on the way.

A Duchess on Debt

Loans and debts Make worries and frets, declared the Duchess of Portland, when opening a Notts bazaar.

Cruelty on the Films

A movement is being started to call upon the Government to forbid films of performing animals which could only be obtained through cruelty.

The Bus Number

We are glad to know that the bus numbers are to be put on the sides of the London buses, as the C.N. suggested the other day.

The Petrol Age

It is estimated that in the last twelve months the world has used 38 thousand million gallons of petroleum and petroleum products.

Boy who Looked for Livingstone

Said-bin-Abdallah, who is believed to have been the last of the carriers who went with Stanley to search for Livingstone, has just died in Tanganyika Territory. He saw the meeting of the explorers in 1871.

WHAT SHAKESPEARE DID NOT WRITE

A Point to Remember

In a recent article on the possible source of Shakespeare's knowledge of Elsinore when he wrote Hamlet, we referred to the poet as actually writing "Scene 1. Elsinore. A Platform before the Castle," and similar indications of "place" in the play.

We are indebted to Mr. Melville Clark, of Edinburgh University, for the reminder that these stage settings of the scenes of the play were not written by the poet. The plays were for the first time divided into Acts and Scenes by Nicholas Rowe in his 1709-10 and 1714 editions; and it was Pope, in his edition of 1725, who first indicated the place of each new scene.

Our article, therefore, needs modification to the extent that while Shakespeare possibly gained knowledge of Elsinore from the visit there of some members of his company of players, the detailed directions fitting the play to localities in the castle are not his.

TO FLY OVER THE POLE

Nansen at His Old Work Again

Nansen, though it is now approaching 30 years since he returned on the Fram from his voyage to what was then Farthest North, is hoping to go back to Polar exploration. He has announced his intention of accompanying the German Commander Bruns in the attempt to cross the North Pole by airship in 1927.

This flight is not intended to compete with the flight over the Pole by aeroplane which Amundsen hoped to achieve, and for which he is still awaiting a suitable opportunity. His flight has been put off two summers in succession. If it succeeds the voyage over the Pole should be a matter of hours or days.

The airship to be built for the flight planned by Bruns and Nansen is to hold 150,000 cubic metres of gas, and to be propelled by four engines, and it is expected that its speed will rise to 80 miles an hour. A crew of fifty will go with it.

This voyage is to be no mere dash across the Pole, but a four weeks' journey, covering 4000 miles in going from Murmansk to Alaska and back, and exploring the Polar regions with the aid of photography.

TEACHING US TO BE WELL

Our Authorities Getting Better and Better

Public authorities are appreciating much more freely than heretofore the wisdom of giving education in health to school children. They are, as Dr. Coué would say, getting better and better every year.

The School Medical Officer of Hornsey, Dr. Nankivell, has got out an illustrated little book for the children of the borough—Health Hints for Children. It deals with such subjects as bad teeth, flies, dirt, drains, dust-bins, exercise, fresh air, eyesight, sleep, and food, in ways that children can understand.

There is no better way of reaching the parents than through the children, and no national economy is so great as the preservation of health. Leicestershire, to whose enterprise in this field the C.N. has already paid its tribute, is circulating a little quarterly journal (the first of its kind anywhere), keeping attention on the health question.

MILKMAN'S ELECTRIC CART

Stopping and Starting Itself

A very clever inventor has produced an electric milk delivery cart in America. It gets about very quickly from house to house, and one of its original ideas is the way it is started and stopped.

The driver rides on the running board, and as soon as he jumps off to enter a house the removal of his weight automatically shuts off the power and applies the brakes. When he jumps on again the cart starts without a second's delay. There are, of course, separate controls for ordinary driving.

A NEW THERMOMETER

Showing Two Temperatures

An ingenious thermometer has made its first appearance.

The instrument records the temperature in a room, and at the same time, on another dial shows the temperature outside. This is done by means of an outdoor wire connection through a groove along the edge of the window.

WHAT YOU CAN DO

For 2d. a week you can Lay a Foundation Stone in the League of Nations

Give some child the C.N. each week

CHANGING CHINA

What the People Do while the Soldiers Fight

THE CHANCE FOR CHRISTIANITY

We hear a great deal about the warring generals in China, and the puppet governments they set up or pull down, but very little about the great masses of the people over whose control the soldiers are fighting. What are they thinking and doing all the time?

Mr. T. Z. Koo, the Chinese delegate at the Opium Conference at Geneva, of whom we have already read in the C.N., has been telling us just the sort of thing we want to know about his countrymen. We learn a good deal from the way in which Mr. Koo came to be appointed a delegate at Geneva.

As the Government found itself unable to enforce the laws against opium, the Chinese people formed a National Anti-Opium Association, and it is this body which chose the delegates to Geneva and found the money to send them to Europe. The Association was only formed last August, yet it has 3000 local organisations, representing three million people.

New Ideas and Ideals

This rapid mobilisation of public opinion was made possible by the fact that in all sorts of directions the people of China have organised themselves to do the work the Government should do but cannot do for them. The Anti-Opium Association was formed at a meeting of 34 national societies. Each of these carries on its work on a national scale in spite of civil war, and among them they appear to carry on the real government of the country.

"Whenever anything occurs necessitating common action on a national scale," says Mr. Koo, "these societies call a meeting, and in a very short time can make their will felt in any desired direction."

There is a far-reaching movement which seeks to change the whole outlook of the Chinese, to "create new ideas and ideals." "The slavish worship of antiquity and authority is being rooted out," says Mr. Koo, and earnest discussions have been taking place as to what philosophy of life should be set up in its place. There is even some talk of uniting the five great religions of China.

Whatever the ultimate result, one thing is clear. China means to work out her own salvation. If Christianity ultimately prevails it will be by the work of a strong native Church and not by foreign leadership.

SIMON FITZMARY

Bedlam and its Founder

One more of London's familiar institutions is to leave town for the country.

It is the Royal Bethlem Hospital in Lambeth.

Bethlem was founded as a monastery in 1247, by Simon FitzMary, a sheriff of London. There is a charming story that Simon went to the Crusades and was guided out of the hands of the Arabs by the Star of Bethlehem, and that it was in gratitude for this deliverance that he set up the monastery on his return.

We wish it were true, but we are sorry to say that this particular story is neither true nor old. It is quite modern, and its inventor is known!

It was not till a century and a half after its foundation that Bethlem became an asylum. At first it stood where Liverpool Street station is now and then near by, by London Wall. When it was moved to Lambeth at the beginning of the last century Lambeth was in the country; now it is nearer the middle of Greater London than the Mansion House.

So it is to move once more into the country. With new buildings containing modern equipment, plenty of room, and ample recreation grounds around it, the chances of its people recovering their health should be greatly increased.

A CITY'S SURPRISE

Why Belgrade has been Remembering Napoleon

THE GORGEOUS UNIFORMS

Strange what a profound influence Napoleon still exerts in countries where he only showed himself for the briefest space of time.

The little son of a small Corsican lawyer did not become the greatest Emperor of France for nothing. He has left his mark on social institutions all over Europe, and a remarkable example of his influence occurred only the other day in Belgrade, the capital of Yugo-Slavia.

The passers-by in the principal street were greatly puzzled by seeing a group of officers dressed in elegant blue uniforms and unfamiliar hats and top-boots. Some thought they were foreigners, others that they were emissaries from the exiled Austrian Court.

Yet they were not strangers, but true Serbians, dressed in the uniform of the Burghers of Varazhdin. Varazhdin is a small Croatian town 35 miles from Agram. From time immemorial its Civil Guard had claimed special privileges, and when Napoleon passed through the town the Guard of Burghers turned out to do him honour. They so took the fancy of the Emperor that he allowed them the uniform of officers of his own bodyguard.

Ancient Privileges Retained

Serbia was reconquered by the Turks after that; but not for long. Varazhdin came under the rule of Austria, which allowed the Guard to retain their old privileges and the uniform Napoleon had conferred on them.

But after the war the new Government in Belgrade, which was not called upon to exercise the same tact, as it was not trying to rule a community alien in race and sentiment, objected to a small town having its special guard, and placed difficulties in the way.

There was only one thing to do, and the Burghers of Varazhdin did it. They put on their gorgeous uniforms, took the train to Belgrade, and called on King Alexander. The King received them with the greatest courtesy, gave each man a silver cigarette case, and pledged his word that no one should ever interfere with their uniforms again.

That is why the people of Belgrade were surprised the other day by the sight of these old-fashioned uniforms.

THE OVERIANS

Playing Shakespeare Where Shakespeare Played

England's greatest poet, though he was born in Warwickshire, spent many of his happiest days in Southwark, where he acted in his plays.

Small wonder, then, that the working men and women of Southwark are proud to be associated with his name, as they will be now that they have established a Shakespeare Company of their own.

The Company is to be called the Overian Players, and Miss Baylis, of the famous Old Vic theatre, and the Mayor of Southwark, Councillor Holden, have promised support.

For some time now a number of humble enthusiasts have been presenting scenes from Shakespeare on Shakespeare's Day in the yard of an ancient Southwark hostelry, made famous by Dickens as the place where Pickwick first met Sam Weller; but it is now hoped that their improvised stage and the occasional performances, carried out under great handicaps, will give place to a regular establishment in which these working men of Southwark may show that they can pay the tribute of supreme art to our supreme artist.

THE SEARCH FOR OIL

Trying to Get it from Coal

A BIRMINGHAM EXPERIMENT

It is not a new idea to C.N. readers, but it is wonderful that the leaves of trees and plants can be made to yield liquid fuel for driving motor-cars. Such a thing has already happened, as in the French expedition from Konakry to Massawa, when palm oil provided part of the fuel; and it has come about chiefly because scientists are saying that the world will one day be faced with a petrol famine.

The natural sources of oil from which petrol is drawn are being rapidly used up, and, though engineers search eagerly for new fields, the time is drawing near when all the known fields will be exhausted.

An earnest search is going on in all parts of the world, therefore, for a substitute which will be more plentiful than petrol. In Australia, India, and South Africa people are turning to alcohol as a substitute, making it from the leaves of plants and trees by special processes of fermentation. In these countries there are few oil-fields, and the need for a cheap and effective substitute for oil is so great that scientists are exploring every way in which there is even a remote chance of success.

Fuel for Our Bodies

It is doubtful, however, if sufficient alcohol could be obtained from vegetable matter without seriously diminishing our food supplies, for it exists in the vegetables and cereals which are most valuable as food. The fuel they contain is needed by our bodies, and we cannot afford to let much of it go for driving our motor-cars!

So other ways are being tried also, and among them is the transforming of coal into oil, a process in which scientists at Birmingham University have been particularly active. The coal is heated in immense cylinders, and hydrogen is pumped in till its pressure is 1500 pounds to the square inch, or about 100 times greater than the atmosphere. Under this extreme heat and pressure the coal breaks down, as the professors say, and becomes thick, crude oil, from which the lighter oils can be drawn.

But not for long could we obtain liquid fuel in this way, for the Earth's coal supplies, like the oil supplies, are limited.

It is easy to see that the petrol substitute problem is becoming very serious.

WALLS OF GLASS

New Idea for a Big Shop

A huge store just set up in the western United States looks very strange to a passer-by.

The front exposure of its 16 storeys is made entirely of glass; that is to say, large plate-glass windows border on one another with only a thin metal fringe between. This, of course, is made possible by the modern methods of erecting high buildings on steel and concrete frames so that the walls are really of no use in actually supporting the structure.

The new store is thus assured of more than ample daylight, and is also showing window displays on each of its three lower floors.

EULAN

To Stamp Out a Ruffian

Which is the worst enemy of man, a tiger or a little silver moth? The fearsome-looking tiger is really almost as harmless as a sheep in the mass, for man-eaters are rare. But, according to one expert, the clothes-moth does £40,000,000 worth of damage every year.

For eight years German professors have been studying this innocent-looking little ruffian; and now they have evolved something which will stamp out the pest. Though not so great a discovery as Insulin, it will be widely welcomed. This new thing is called Eulan.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

Is Nitrogen Heavy?

This gas is slightly lighter than air. Its atomic weight is 14 as compared with oxygen 16 and hydrogen 1.

Why Does a Ship in Dock Have Discs of Metal Fastened to the Mooring Ropes?

These are to prevent rats climbing along the rope from the shore to the ship.

Are There any Things Which we can See but Cannot Hear, Feel, Smell, or Taste?

This would be true of the distant bodies in the heavens—Sun, Moon, planets, stars, comets, and nebulae.

Who Wrote "Music hath Charms to Soothe the Savage Breast"?

William Congreve, who lived from 1670 to 1729. The words, correctly quoted above, are found in the play *The Mourning Bride*, Act I, Scene 1.

Who Made the First Organ?

The organ is a development over centuries of the Pandean pipes. Its first invention is attributed to Ctesibius, a barber of Alexandria, about 250 B.C., and to Archimedes, about 220 B.C.

Which is of Most Value, Tin or Gold?

If you mean to buy or sell, gold is more valuable. It is worth about £4 7s. 3d. an ounce; while tin is worth only about £260 a ton. The prices vary slightly from day to day. Probably tin is the more useful.

How is the Sensitive Surface of Photographic Paper Made?

Different manufacturers have different processes, which are trade secrets, but the general principle is that an emulsion of silver chloride or bromide in gelatine or collodion is used.

Why is it Colder on the Earth When the Sun is Nearest?

This is due to the tilt of the Earth which when our planet is nearest to the Sun causes the Northern Hemisphere to be leaning away from the Sun. In consequence the Sun's rays strike this hemisphere at a slant and the heat is less.

How Was the Greensand Formed?

These strata of rocks were originally sands deposited on the sea-bed, and among them are found a large assortment of salt-water shells as fossils. The weight above eventually pressed them into hard rock. The dark-green colour is due to tiny grains of a green mineral called glauconite.

What Do the Words Ditt and Wick Mean?

Ditt, more generally spelt dit, is a north of England and Scottish word meaning to stop up or close. It is also an obsolete medieval word meaning word or saying. Wick means a town or village and comes into many place names like Berwick and Warwick.

Are the Levels of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans Different at Panama?

Yes; the great mass of the Andes attracts the water of the Pacific, which is many feet higher than the level of the Atlantic. The Himalayas have the same effect, causing the sea level in the Bay of Bengal to be some 300 feet higher than the level at Ceylon.

Which Animal is Most Intelligent?

Professor Romanes, the great authority on animal intelligence, says that the monkeys in their psychology approach most nearly to man, although they have not enjoyed the improving influences of hereditary domestication that the dog has. Monkeys, however, he declares, surpass all other animals in the scope of their rational faculty. He reckons dogs next and elephants third.

Why is Neptune Always Shown with a Trident?

Neptune is the Roman name of Poseidon, the Greek god of the sea. It is generally believed that his trident was merely adopted in art from the three-pronged weapon with which Mediterranean fishermen struck the tunny. But recent research has suggested that it was a development of the sceptre, headed by a lotus or fleur-de-lys, such as was often painted on vases as an emblem of divine power.

What were the Twelve Labours of Hercules?

To slay the Nemean lion, to kill the Lernean hydra, to catch the Arcadian stag, to capture the Erymanthian boar, to cleanse the stables of King Augeas, to destroy the birds of Lake Stymphalis, to capture the Cretan bull, to catch the horses of the Thracian Diomedes, to get possession of the Amazon Queen Hippolyte's girdle, to capture the oxen of Geryon, to obtain the apples of the Hesperides, and to bring up from the infernal regions the three-headed dog Cerberus.

THE CRAB IN THE SKY

CONSTELLATION RICH IN WONDERS

Faint Patch of Light which is a Cluster of Suns

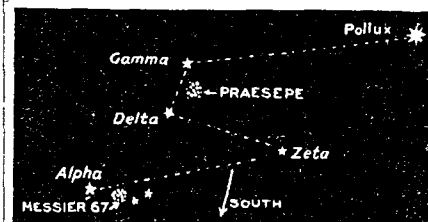
TRIPLE STAR'S DARK COMPANION

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The Constellation of Cancer, the Crab, may be explored with advantage on any clear, dark night next week.

Though Cancer contains no stars brighter than the fourth magnitude, it is nevertheless rich in wonders of great interest. Its stars may be quite easily located, being high up and due south between eight and nine o'clock. They are a little way to the south-east of Castor and Pollux then. How to find these stars was described in the C.N. for February 28.

The star map will make it easy to identify Cancer's chief attractions; the famous star cluster Messier 44, known from ancient times as the Praesepe,



Where to find the wonders of Cancer

is one of these. It is clearly perceptible to the naked eye as a misty patch of light, but field-glasses will show it to be a congregation of stars.

A powerful telescope will exhibit a glorious mass of suns, upward of 360 bespangling that apparently small area of the heavens; though doubtless they are each as far apart, on an average, as our Sun is from Sirius and the other stars around him.

The two stars Gamma and Delta in Cancer, respectively above and below the Praesepe, will help to find it, for, though of but fourth magnitude, they are easily found. Delta is very much nearer to us than the star-cluster, being between 160 and 180 light years distant; whereas the Praesepe appears to be thousands of light years away.

Alpha, below Gamma and Delta, is also of but fourth magnitude, but easily found. Its chief interest is owing to the fact that a little to the right of this star, about three times the Moon's apparent width away, is another wondrous cluster of suns, known as Messier 67.

These are quite invisible to the naked eye, but good field-glasses will reveal them as a faint patch of light, both the star cluster and Alpha appearing together in the same field of the glasses, Alpha toward the left and Messier 67 toward the right side of the lenses.

Scene of Impressive Splendour

A powerful telescope will show that this blaze of light comes from upward of 200 glittering suns, ranging from the tenth to the fifteenth magnitude—another scene of impressive splendour.

One more marvel of this constellation is the little star Zeta. Could we cross the vast abyss of space over which its light has been travelling to us for the last 86 years, we should see three immense suns and at least one immense world. One sun, known as A, is much larger than ours; the others, B and C, about the same size.

A and B revolve round one another once in 58 years, while C, very much farther away, revolves round the other two once in from 600 to 700 years; C also has an immense dark companion that revolves round it once in 17½ years.

This world is not visible, but its existence is known because of its immense gravitational pull on C, which it causes to revolve in an orbit.

G. F. M.
Other Worlds. In the morning Jupiter south-east. In the evening Mars south-west, and Saturn south-east after 10 p.m.

THE WIZARD OF KANDARA

A Story of Adventure
in Wildest Africa

Told by Major
Charles Gilson

CHAPTER 24

Back to Life

QUITE unable to explain what he saw, Neil was conscious of the fact that his heart was beating rapidly.

He half-rose to his feet, and stood staring in front of him. Involuntarily he carried a hand to his revolver holster, to find that he was unarmed.

Taking cover behind the various shrubs and trees that were growing in the garden, he stole forward on tiptoe, drawing nearer and nearer to the object that presently assumed a human shape.

It was the figure of a woman, a woman dressed in white.

Neil drew closer to her, crouching behind a stone image by which she must soon pass.

It was the Queen. It was Zarasis. And she walked bare of foot, her arms rigid at her sides, her face a little lifted, her eyes wide and staring in the moonlight, and yet seeing nothing.

The boy knew her to be fallen into a trance, from which he feared to awaken her. Nor did he dare to let her go out of his sight. Cautiously he followed her.

He had every reason to suppose that in a moment she would turn back towards the Palace, where Neil would be able to call the assistance of some of her attendants. Instead, she walked straight towards a little temple that was in the garden, that was dedicated to the great god Horus, the hawk-headed deity of ancient Egypt.

Here before the image of the god two alabaster lanterns burned day and night. One of these the Queen took; and, passing behind the image, she began to descend some spiral steps that led to the vaults below.

The boy had no alternative, therefore, but to continue to follow her; and this he was now the better able to do as the Queen carried a light.

She led him into a veritable labyrinth, catacombs in which, entombed in sarcophagi, were the mummies of the former great men of Kandara.

One passage led into another. It was like an endless maze. These underground rooms and tunnels were nothing new to Neil, who had accompanied Dario's soldiers when they had searched for Punhri.

Dogging the Queen's footsteps, determined not to let her out of his sight for an instant, Neil came at last into a chamber with painted pillars and a painted ceiling that he remembered to have seen before.

For this room was connected with the Palace itself by means of the long passage that led from the Room of the Bath to the outer city wall; and to the boy's surprise, the Queen, instead of returning to the Palace, followed the direction of the tunnel to its outer entrance.

It seemed as if she intended to leave the city; and, if that were so, it was more necessary than ever that Neil should not let her out of his sight.

He had actually decided that the best thing he could do would be to take her gently by the hand and attempt to lead her back to the Palace, when upon a sudden Zarasis came to a halt.

She stood staring at the wall before her, holding the lamp on a level with her eyes. Very slowly she moved her head from side to side; and then, extending her right hand, she passed it here and there, backward and forward, upon the smooth surface of the wall.

Her hand came to rest at last upon a small knob, no bigger than the button of an electric bell.

Neil drew near enough to observe that the knob was of iron, though red with rust.

Again the Queen seemed to hesitate. And then she pressed the

knob inward, until it was level with the surface of the wall.

Immediately there was a creaking sound, like that which is made by old, rusted hinges—a metallic, grating noise. And, at the same time, a portion of the wall about six feet square began to revolve as if upon a central pivot.

The creaking noise continued, until it was as if there were two doorways in the passage wall, one on each side of the revolving stone, which now proved to be not more than a foot in thickness—two black, gaping slits, like embrasures. And at that moment, in one of these, appeared the figure of a man.

He was thin—thin as a starved vulture. His face was like that of a corpse, the skin drawn tight upon his cheekbones, the eyes great hollows in a skull that was cadaverous and ghastly.

The hand that he extended was bony and claw-like. And this hand dashed the lamp from the grasp of Zarasis, and smashed it to atoms on the ground. And then all was impenetrable darkness.

CHAPTER 25

The Hostage

BUT before the light went out a shriek had come from the Queen's lips that was like that of one suddenly startled when fast asleep.

It seemed that she had awakened then quite suddenly from out of her trance. Realising in a flash where she was and the extreme peril of her situation, she turned and fled along the passage.

And Neil Ranson had also seen enough. He had seen that the man who stood in the black opening was Punhri, and none other—but not the Punhri whom the boy knew so well by sight.

For the Sorcerer was no more than a shadow of his former self. Hunger had reduced him to a mere skeleton. His lips were cracked and dried with thirst; his eyes were wild and bright, like the eyes of a madman. His long, priestly robes could not conceal his thinness. His shoulders were angular and sharp, as bony as his clawlike hands.

And yet, though the man was more dead than alive, something remained within him of his old fire and courage. For, when Neil turned to hasten after the Queen, the boy cannoned against Punhri in the darkness; and it was then that he was gripped by the throat.

The boy attempted to cry out, but nothing but a smothered groan escaped his lips. He struggled desperately, to find that his opponent, emaciated though he was, was possessed with the strength of a madman.

Neil was no match for his adversary. He was lifted bodily from off his feet; and the next thing that he knew was that he was being carried along the passage through the darkness, Punhri stumbling repeatedly, and yet laughing all the time, like one bereft of his senses.

In a little while Punhri came to a halt, and set down the boy upon his feet. Neil had now learnt enough of the language of Kandara to understand what was said to him.

"I warn you to make no attempt to escape! You are unarmed, and I am stronger than you. Moreover, I have still my dagger—that with which Zarasis attempted to take her own life."

Neil did not answer. Punhri held the boy by the throat with one hand, while in the other hand he jangled his bunch of skeleton-keys.

How he had found his way in the darkness it is not easy to explain, except that he was familiar with every subterranean room and tunnel of the Royal Palace of Kandara. For they stood now at the outer door in the city wall.

Punhri, groping in the darkness, having but one hand free, took some time to find the keyhole, and then to fit it with the right key.

The little door was thrown open, and they passed through, Punhri locking the door behind him. They were without the city wall, which towered high above them. For a moment the Sorcerer stood erect, taking in deep breaths of the cool night air, his chest rising and falling. It was as if he breathed for the first time for days.

Suddenly he spoke, as if to himself. "Had Zarasis not escaped me," said he, "she would have died, and you as well."

After a pause he spoke again. "A life for a life," said he. "That is an honest bargain. I am like one risen from the grave."

Still holding the boy by a wrist, he walked rapidly through the wood of cypress trees and cedars in which Neil Ranson had first set eyes upon Dario, the Captain of the Bodyguard, when he first came to the city of Kandara.

Punhri stumbled often from sheer weakness. At last they came to a downward gradient, where long grass was growing. And this grass was wet with dew. Before them they could see the moonshine and the reflection of the stars upon the smooth surface of the lake.

With his dagger Punhri now cut the hem of his silken robe, from which he tore a long strip, about four inches wide. This he twisted after the manner of a rope, and with it bound Neil's hands behind his back. Nor was he satisfied with this, for he also cleverly tied the boy's ankles together, giving him freedom enough to walk, but making it quite impossible for him to attempt to run.

He made Neil rise to his feet, and together they walked till they came to the lake, at a place where many small fishing-boats were moored alongside the shore.

It took Punhri some time to satisfy himself that there was no one about; and then, availing himself of a moment when the Moon had disappeared behind a cloud, he stepped into one of the smaller boats, and ordered the boy to lie down in the bows. A little time after they were rowing out towards the centre of the lake.

Punhri himself propelled the boat by means of a long oar, used rudder-wise, attached to the stern. In the starlight his tall, thin figure was discernible, swaying slowly backward and forward, as he worked the oar from side to side.

No word was passed between them as the boat drew towards the centre of the lake. And presently there appeared from out of the darkness, but a little way in front of them, a great black rock that stood forth from the water like a fortress. As they drew nearer, the island assumed a more definite shape; and Neil could make out quite clearly, not only steep cliffs

and jagged pinnacles of rock, but a building with many towers on the very crest of the hill.

Punhri rowed round the island to a place where there was a narrow creek, to which a long flight of steps descended from the building above.

At the foot of these steps stood a group of three or four men, who had no doubt seen the boat approaching in the moonlight. One of these in a loud voice hailed the newcomers, warning them that no man was allowed to set foot upon the sacred island which was dedicated to the worship of the Sun-god Ra.

A voice from the boat made answer. "It is Punhri who comes, the High Priest of Kandara."

Neil had often heard of a sacred island in the lake, whereon was a monastery where lived several monks belonging to a strange sect who practised many secret rites, who fasted for long periods at a time, and who were said to have occult powers.

Cut off from all communication with the city, these monks lived there in solitude from one year's end to the other; and there could be little doubt that they had not as yet heard anything concerning the insurrection that had so recently taken place within the city.

Not until he was safely ashore, did Punhri's strength give way. Almost starved to death, he had over-exerted himself. He had been supported only by his strength of will. But now he tottered and swayed like a drunken man. He was even obliged to sit down for a moment on the ground, while the monks gathered round him.

A few whispered words were passed; and then the whole party, accompanied by Neil Ranson, whose bonds were untied, began to ascend the steps.

After a long and tedious climb, the boy found himself in a huge, bare room, all built of stone, where there were scores of images of heathen gods and goddesses.

Here he was left alone for more than an hour, until Punhri returned, accompanied by the monks. They conducted their captive down the long flight of steps that led to the landing-place on the lake, where Punhri and Neil and two of the monks embarked in a boat.

Silently but swiftly they sped across the water till they came to a shore that was rugged and inhospitable. Great black rocks arose on every side. High above were the mountain crags, between which a roaring, tempestuous torrent thundered down into the lake.

The monks were obliged to exercise some skill in the navigation of the boat. They selected a place where a string of rocks ran out into the water; and here they landed, and began the arduous ascent of the mountain-slope.

It was broad daylight when they reached the crest of a rocky hill that arose by the side of a mountain torrent. Neil, standing on the rock, had a view of the greater part of the lake, bright blue in the morning sunshine. Far away were the white houses and temples, the palaces and towers of the city of Kandara; and in the foreground, as if floating like a ship, was the sacred island from which they had come.

Punhri placed both hands upon the boy's shoulders. "Whether you live or die," said he, "is no affair of mine. We are all, after all, the playthings of the gods!"

While he was speaking the other monks, unseen by Neil, had rolled away a great stone that lay on the hilltop. Beneath it was a circular hole, nearly a yard across. Neil Ranson was suddenly and violently pushed backward. He had no time to recover his balance before he found that he had stepped upon air.

He fell like a stone a distance of some twenty feet. Bruised and alarmed, he gathered himself together and looked about him—to find himself in a cave into which the daylight streamed.

Something fell by the side of him. It was a basket filled with food. And then the stone above was rolled back into its place.

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Famous Storyteller

LONG, long ago, hundreds of years before Jesus was born, there lived a slave who became famous in his lifetime as a teller of tales, and has remained famous ever since, so that even English boys and girls, almost from their babyhood, know his name quite well.

He was not beautiful to look upon, for his body is said to have been ugly and deformed, but there is no doubt that he had a great mind, and in all the stories which he told there is a useful lesson.

We really know very little of his life and it is doubtful if all the stories which now bear his name were really made up by him. But so famous was he that in ancient times any good story of the particular kind invented by him was attributed to the deformed slave, and even the greatest moral teachers like Socrates and Plato praised the stories and did not hesitate to use them in their lessons to students.

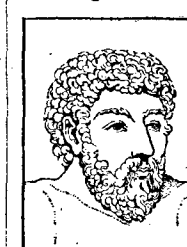
We do not know even the birthplace of the great storyteller. At least four cities claimed the honour, and of his childhood or parents we know nothing except that the boy was born a slave. He had at different times at least two masters, and one of these at last gave him his freedom.

The ex-slave visited a famous king who possessed immense riches, and at the court he re-proved a distinguished law-giver for showing discourtesy to the king. It was an example of his honesty and fearlessness that he would speak the truth whether it were to king or subject, to the learned scholar or to the unlettered peasant.

The wealthy king sent him on a mission to a distant town to distribute a gift of money among the citizens, but owing to disputes among these people he refused to give them any money at all, whereupon the citizens grew furious, and dragging him to a precipice threw him over and he was killed.

It was a sad end for a great and wise man, but, as every English boy and girl today knows, his influence has gone on ever since and has spread to all lands, so that even in Asia and Africa his stories are read and loved by both young and old.

It is said that soon after he had been hurled to his death a plague spread among the people of the city, and they put this down to the anger of the gods at their treatment of the king's messenger, and they decided to pay compensation to any connection of his who would claim it: But as he had no descendants they agreed to pay the money to the



grandson of his old master. Here is his portrait. Who was he?

TOPPING TOYS FOR GIRLS AND BOYS



Here are two splendid books from which you can make a wonderfully cheap collection of toys. Scissors and a little paste are all that are required, for the JOLLY TOY BOOK and the PLAYHOUR TOY BOOK are full of attractive models (many in COLOUR) of toys, games, and figures which can be cut out of thick pages and played with at once. Ask Mother to buy them for you TODAY!

Playhour Toy Book and the Jolly Toy Book

3/6 net. each. On Sale Everywhere.

However Long the Winter Night, Morning Always Dawns

D! MERRYMAN

"How do you sell this Limburger cheese?" asked the customer.
"Well, madam," answered the grocer. "I often wonder about that myself!"

Buried Rivers

CAN you arrange these sets of letters in such a way that each set forms a river?

AHEPTUSE
HAESTM
USNHDO
ENNGSA
IIIIPPSSSSM

Solution next week

WHAT is more foolish than sending coals to Newcastle?
Sending milk to Cowes.

Is Your Name Rotherham?

THIS name is probably derived, like the town, from the old English word *rothera*, meaning cattle. Probably the ancestor of the Rotherhams looked after the cattle or lived near a place where cattle were kept.

And So He Died

A MASTODON, huge as to girth, Sank in swamps of the primeval Earth.

"It is plain," grumbled he, "There's no future for me—I'm a stick-in-the-mud from my birth!"

A Ready Writer

"HERE," said the poet, "is a little thing I wrote in three minutes."

"Good gracious!" said the astonished editor. "Your fortune's made."

"Thanks," said the poet, highly delighted.

"Yes," went on the editor. "If you wrote all that in three minutes you can earn a good living addressing envelopes by the hundred."

The Safety First Alphabet



S IS for Simpleton—one who will read A notice of warning, yet never take heed.



T IS for Tram which you see every day, It's bigger than you, so keep out of the way.

WHAT is the difference between a spendthrift and a very soft pillow?
One is hard up and the other is soft down.

To what islands should hungry people go?
The Sandwich Islands.

The End of the Trail



"A TENDER chicken now it's spring," They said, "to bag we cannot fail."

They followed muddy tracks and found A too-tough rooster on a rail!

The Reward of Virtue

"EVERY time I take castor oil Mother puts twopence-half-penny in my moneybox," said Tommy.

"And what happens when your moneybox is full?" asked his friend.

"Oh, she buys a new bottle of castor oil."

An Odd Sum

THIS is a very interesting and surprising thing that can be done with figures.

Take the number of your house; double it, and add five; multiply the result by 50; add the days of the year; add your own age; and then deduct the number of M.P.s in the House of Commons (615).

The result will be a number of three or more figures, but always the number of your house will be shown on the left and your age on the right.

Supposing, for instance, the number of your house is 21 and your age 12, the result will be 2112. Thus:
 $21 \times 2 = 42 + 5 = 47 \times 50 = 2350 + 365 = 2715 + 12 = 2727 - 615 = 2112.$

A Built-Up Word

WITHOUT my first the fragrant rose
Unvalued might its sweets disclose;
My next's a temper, sportive, free,
Most pleasing in society;
United, in my third you'll find
Beauty and sweetness both combined.

Answer next week

WHEN is a wall like a fish?
When it is scaled.

Whoa to the Teacher

THE teacher was asking the class what the opposites were of different words.

"Now, tell me," she said, "what is the opposite of misery?"
"Happiness!" said the class in unison.

"And of sadness?" she asked.
"Gladness," came the answer.

"And the opposite of woe?"
"Gee up!" roared the delighted class in high glee.

WHY is an avaricious man like a man with a short memory?
Because he is always forgetting.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Transposition. Flow, low, fowl, wolf

A Riddle in Rhyme. Scissors

A Monogram. Havelock

Jacko Goes to the Dentist

JACKO hated going to the dentist. He said it hurt. But Mrs. Jacko made such a fuss of him afterwards that it was very nearly worth while.

She couldn't bear to think of anybody being hurt, and when Jacko came back from a visit to Mr. Tweezer's there was nothing she wouldn't do for him.

One day a most unusual thing happened. Jacko paid a visit to Mr. Tweezer, and Mr. Tweezer couldn't find anything at all that wanted doing.

He turned on all sorts of electric lights, and made Jacko open his mouth very wide; but in the end he had to own there wasn't a job for him anywhere.

"And a jolly good thing, too!" said Jacko.

He was so glad to get off scot free that he rushed out of the room as fast as he could go, quite forgetting to say good-bye to Mr. Tweezer. But when he was half-way home an unpleasant thought struck him—nobody would make a fuss of him when he got home.

"Coo! That won't do at all," he said. And he whisked out his handkerchief and tied his face up in it.

Mrs. Jacko rushed out to meet him with tears in her eyes.

"The poor boy must have had several teeth out!" she said. And she put her arm round him and took him into the sitting-



"I've made something special for Jacko," said his mother

room. Adolphus was lolling in front of the fire in the biggest and most comfortable armchair.

"Get up at once," said Mrs. Jacko, "and let your brother come near the fire." And she settled Jacko in the armchair with lots of cushions, and even found a rug to go round his legs!

Of course, Jacko was thoroughly enjoying himself. And for the rest of the morning he sat by the fire and did cross-word puzzles.

By and by there was a lovely smell of cooking from the kitchen, and Jacko began to sniff hungrily.

"I could do with a bit of food," he said. "Hope the mater's got something nice for me."

And when the dinner came on the table, sure enough there was a lovely joint of roast pork.

Mrs. Jacko put a little table beside Jacko and said he was to have his dinner by the fire.

"It won't do to get cold," she said.

And Jacko gleefully sat there in his armchair and waited for his dinner to be brought to him, while Adolphus scowled at him from the other side of the room.

But, strange to say, Mrs. Jacko was a long time bringing him his dinner. She helped all the family first, and Jacko began to get quite anxious. At last she went out of the room, and came back with a little tray.

"I've made something special for Jacko," she said, "as I know he won't be able to manage meat." It was a milk pudding. Jacko had never been so badly sold in his life!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Robin in a Pit

Not long ago an engine-driver working at the bottom of a colliery shaft near Cardiff was surprised to see a little robin hopping merrily along in the darkness. He picked it up, and put it into a jar with a supply of food and water.

The robin had been caught in the current of air drawn to the pit, which is 1800 feet deep.

After the day's work was over, the engine-driver ascended the pit, taking the robin with him. Then the little bird was released, and flew up into the air, quite happy and none the worse for its adventure.

Un rouge-gorge dans une Mine

Il y a peu de temps, un mécanicien, travaillant au fond du puits d'une mine, près de Cardiff, fut surpris de voir un petit rouge-gorge sautant gaiement dans l'obscurité. Il le ramassa et le mit dans une cruche avec de quoi manger et boire.

Le rouge-gorge avait été emporté par le courant d'air amené à la mine, qui a 1800 pieds de profondeur.

Sa journée finie, le mécanicien remonta à la surface, emportant le rouge-gorge. Puis, le petit oiseau fut remis en liberté et s'envola parfaitement heureux, n'ayant pas souffert de son aventure.

Tales Before Bedtime

The Broken Doll

ALTHOUGH six-year-old Eva and Mollie were twins and much alike in appearance, they were not at all alike in disposition.

Eva was a quiet, good-tempered little girl who took great care of her playthings; while Mollie was apt to be fiery and was constantly getting into trouble. Her toys, too, were quickly broken, and her dolls generally lacked one or two limbs after being played with a few times.

One wet afternoon, when Mollie had a cold and could not go out with her sister, she became discontented with her own broken toys and peeped into the cupboard to look at Eva's. There on the shelf lay Gwendoline, Eva's best doll.

Hurriedly mounting a chair, Mollie managed to reach the coveted treasure; but alas! in climbing down again the doll slipped from her arms, and the next moment lay on the floor, with its head in one place and its body in another.

Filled with distress, Mollie scrambled to the cupboard where nurse kept the seccotine, and very soon Gwendoline's head was restored, while the little culprit, feeling very guilty, put her carefully back on the shelf.

But that was not the end, for the next morning, when Eva fetched Gwendoline down for her morning walk, she gave a cry of dismay.

"Something's happened to Gwendoline," she wailed, "her head is the wrong way round, and it wasn't like that before."

And then it was that Mollie realised what she had done. With tears of remorse she flung



It slipped from her arms

her arms around her sister's neck and told her what had happened.

"Never mind," said kind little Eva, who was always ready to forgive, "we'll show it to Daddy, he always knows how to make things right."

And so that evening, when Daddy came home from the City, two little figures stood waiting to meet him.

"More patients for the doll-doctor?" he laughed, as poor twisted Gwendoline was held up to view. "Well, well, I must do my best to put her straight."

And Daddy kept his word.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 21, 1925

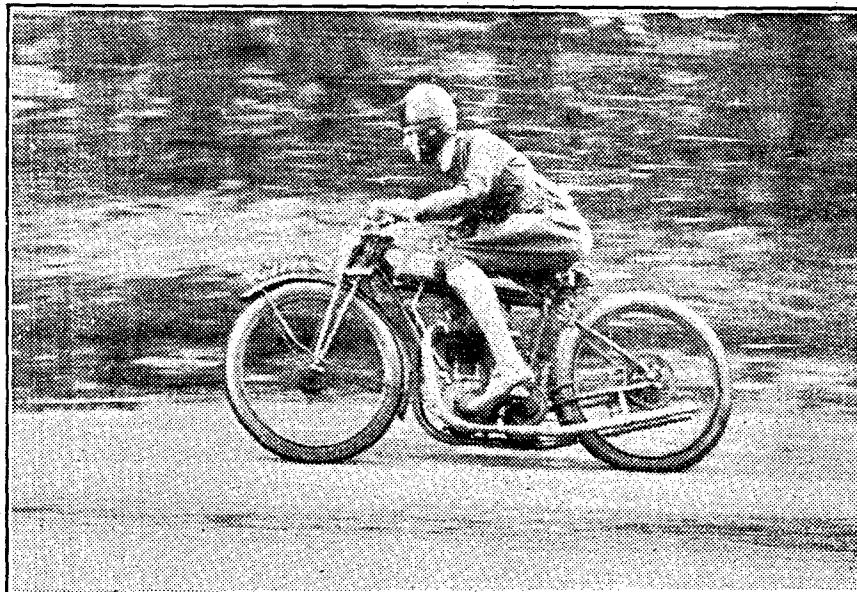
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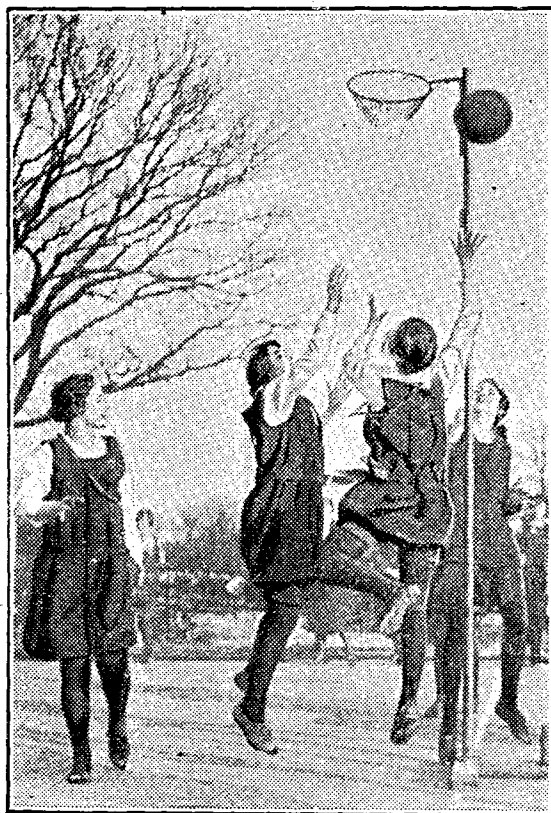
NEW WIRELESS INVENTION · LIGHTHOUSE IN A STORM · CHIMPANZEE'S RIDE



A Cross-Country Race—Men of the Aldershot Command had a cross-country race the other day, and this picture shows the competitors climbing through tangled country at Ewshot



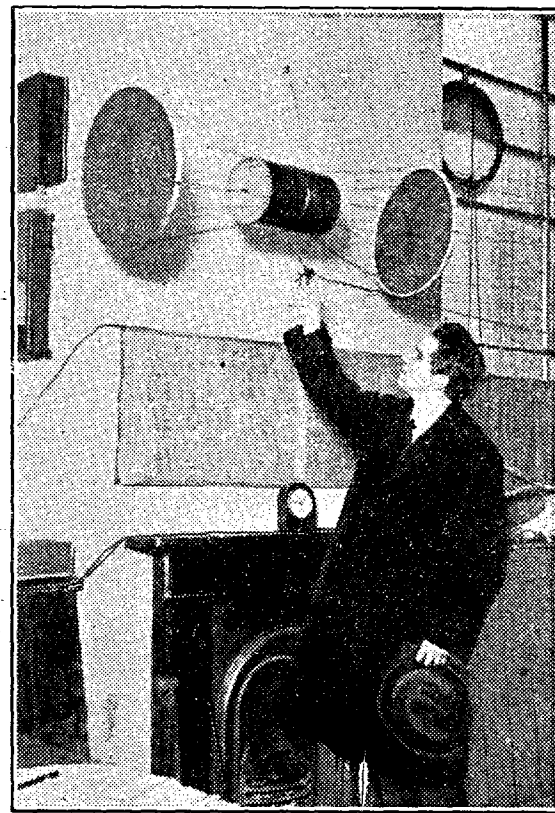
Inter-Varsity Motor Cycling—H. Radford, an Oxford competitor, is here seen rounding a turn on the hill at Aston Clinton, near Tring, in the Inter-Varsity Hill Climbing contests



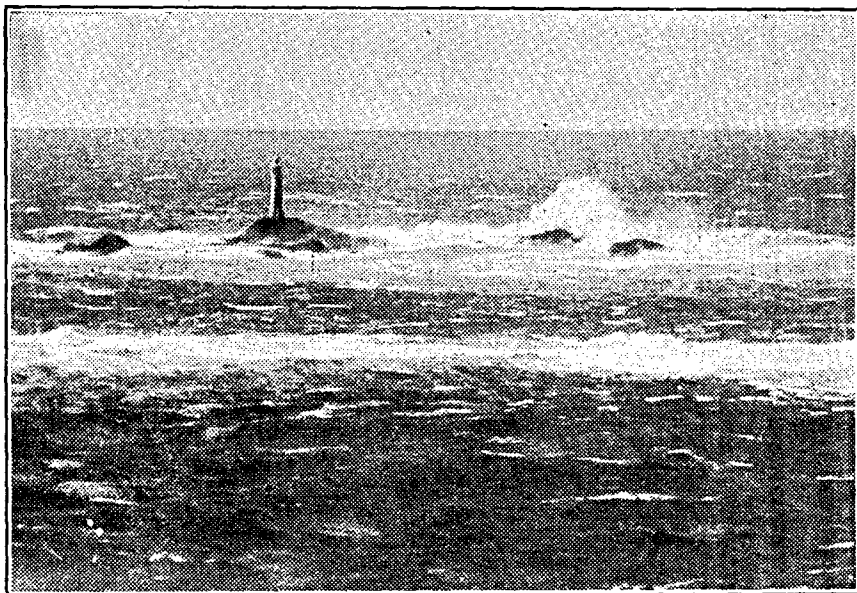
London Girls at Net-Ball—An exciting moment in a net-ball match at Sudbury Hill, played by the employees of a London catering firm. Net-ball is a popular game with girls



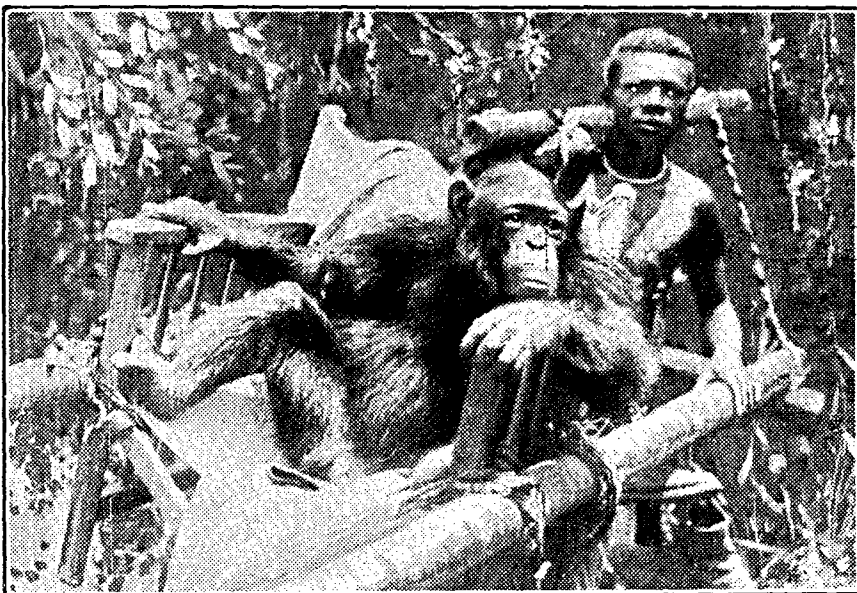
A Donkey Greets its Master—This donkey is very fond of its master, who is equally fond of it, and in his spare time the man has taught the animal to perform several tricks



A Wireless Invention—Professor Low, the well-known wireless expert, in his laboratory with the new type of indoor wireless aerial which he has invented. It is very efficient



The Lonely Lighthouse on the Rock—This remarkable photograph, taken during the recent gale which did so much damage, as can be seen in the pictures on page three, shows the Longships Lighthouse off Land's End, with the seas dashing over the treacherous rocks



The Chimpanzee Takes a Ride—Joseph, a chimpanzee caught during Mr. Alexander Barnes's expedition across Africa in search of the gorilla, takes a ride in his master's sedan chair. Mr. Barnes has found that gorillas exist in great numbers in the territory he covered

THE ISLAND THAT WAS BORN AGAIN—SEE THIS WEEK'S CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

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